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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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CHAPTER V.

THE JEW'S HOUSE.

Before we follow the barge with its six oarsmen and one-armed helmsman down the Thames, we will fulfil our promise to make known to the reader the result of the visit of Lord Harry Neagle to the abode of Salathiel, the Jew, the night he left the turnkey Hinchcliff in the cemetery of the cul-de-sac, and a few hours prior to his appearance with the latter in company at the "Sack Inn," to embark in the barge.

We have already described the night as dark and unusually gloomy, by reason of the dense London fog, which hung like a pall over the streets, enveloping even the dim lamps in a dismal halo of obscurity. Threading his way along the narrow and damp pavement, and keeping his face concealed by the cape of his cloak, both for fear of officers of the law, and to prevent any recognition of his features from any quarter, the young nobleman at length entered Lombard street, that notorious mart of the London Jews for many centuries. After a few doors were passed, he stopped at a wretched portal of an old sunken edifice, the lower story half buried beneath the pavement. The rust and dust, and damp and smoke of ages had rendered the wood of which it was constructed as black as iron and almost as hard. The second floor projected in the Spanish fashion over the way, affording a sort of shelter to the sidewalk; and the aspect of the front with its heavily hooded windows, its massive door lintels, was also foreign, the house having been erected by a Spanish grandee, exiled for life from his native land. But in the progress of generations it had become the well-known house of the rich Jew Salathiel; well known, we say, to all young heirs, especially of the nobility, who wished to anticipate their inheritance ere old enough fairly to enjoy it, by borrowing money of the Israelite on bond. Thus Salathiel held a lien upon one out of every five of the handsomest estates in England; and yet his gold seemed inexhaustible; for where "the security was good" he never hesitated to count down all the money asked on loan to the young Oxonians, "lam men," and other spendthrifts of the realm.

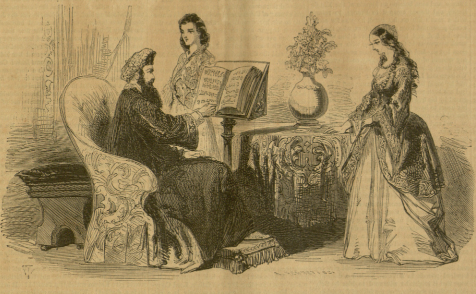
Before we admit Lord Neagle to Salathiel's dwelling, we will take the license of an author to go in before him. We enter a gate-way, slowly opened and swung back by an African of hideous visage, and with a grizzly gray beard. He wears a scarlet kerchief tied and knotted about his temples of dark bronze, and his tall, thin form is wrapped in a long blue cotten gown, held together at the waist by a yellow girdle. Green slippers are upon his feet, and upon his fingers sparkle many a bright stone set in silver and gold rings; while in his ears hang crescents of the precious guinea ore.

It is a paved court, lofty and wide, into which he admits us, lighted by a small bunch of rush lights held in his long, bony fingers, the oval nails upon which shine in their rays like pearls. The court is ruinous and gloomy, and contains no article but an old settle, greasy with the sittings thereupon of visitors for seven generations. Not only the outside but thus far all the inside indicates desolation, desertion, and abject poverty. By no sign street-ward, not by any signs inward, would one suspect that it was the abode of other than a family of ragpickers, or the temporary shelter of homeless wanderers.

If the African, Ebo, by a close scrutiny is satisfied with our exterior, he will ask us for the pass-word. Now all the customers of Salathiel are related one to the other by a secret countersign, albeit one in five is not known to the others. That is, one of his "guests" makes known to some friend who is tired waiting for his estate, the peculiar facilities and advantages of an acquaintance with the vile Jew. The friend, however, cannot find the place without the other's direction, nor be admitted to the inner court and to an interview without a pass-word. This pass-word the Jew furnishes to all his "friends," and through them and their committal of it to their friends, he keeps his gold circulating, and renders himself a useful institution to the "fast" young members of the peerage. Chance patrons he never had; nor would a chance passer-by ever suspect that the dweller within the old, tumble-down rookery could loan to the Queen, did she know it, half a million sterling.

The pass-word duly given, to show we are duly authenticated by some of his customers, the ogre unlocks an inner gate, and bids us precede him. Locking it after us, he waves his hand and intimates his desire that we should ascend a broken stone stair-case, on the left. It is dark and slippery, but an iron balustrade steadies the ascending step, and we reach the landing at the top, and find ourselves in a sort of vestibule, with a grated window, festooned by a curtain of cob-webs, that vailed its light.

The African porter now pushes back a bolt, and the door swings back, revealing to our surprised eyes a noble corridor or columned hall, paved with white and black marble, the paneled sides enriched with elegant paintings, chiefly of scenes in Israelitish history—as the crossing of the Red Sea, the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, the return from captivity, and the dedication of the grand temple,—all evidently done by foreign artists. The lemon-colored columns are entwined by green flowering vines, which grow from Spanish vases filled with earth at their bases. The ceiling is arched and decorated with oriental tracery of the most elegant combinations of linear forms, all in blue and gold. The whole salon is a work of wonder and of beauty, and coming upon the eye so unexpectedly, and affording so strange a contrast to the desolation in the outer court and stair-way, the effect upon the mind is like magical enchantment.


SALATHIEL, THE JEW, "AT HOME."

But the guests of Salathiel are not all admitted into this penetralium, only those in whom he has confidence, and whom he takes a liking to; for the Israelite has his favorites even among those who seek his abode for aid. Many who enter his outer door to ask a loan have no conception of the interior of which we have just given our readers a glimpse; but turning aside from the landing from which the door into the corridor opens, they are conducted into a sort of office, which is so darkened and crowded with old garments, and all the miscellaneous second hand wares which go to make up a poor Jew's merchandize, that by day a greasy lamp always casts its yellow and dingy glare around. In a sort of closet to this room is a desk and two stools; and near it an iron chest for books, such as day-books and books of account, all oiled, and smoked, and aged. At this desk the visitor, even though he be a nobleman, will find on his entrance the money-lender seated ready to negotiate. If, by-and-by, the borrower need increase, and they have often interviews, and the Isralite finds it profitable to loan to him, and he fancies him, he gradually confides in him, and invites him into a better apartment, neatly furnished, and sets rich wine before him. If his liking for him increase, on the next visit he surprises him by taking him a room farther back, into a handsome library; and finally he invites him through a hall to his private and sumptuous chambers, across the salon we have described. Of course the amazement of his guest is increased in proportion to the splendor he sees, hitherto carefully concealed from even his suspicions. But there was still more beyond; and but half-a-dozen nobles were honored by a sight of the whole of this private palace, and but three had so far gained his confidence as to be permitted to behold and be presented to the Israelite's beautiful dark-eyed daughter, Ketura, who presided like a princess over this gorgeous palazzio.

But we will not anticipate. Let us, who have entered the splendid oriental corridor, where singing-birds greet our ears, and the fragrance of strangely brilliant flowers delight the sense of smelling, advance, conducted by the scarlet-turbaned African. We follow him to the extremity of the corridor, and see before us a pair of doors, inlaid with richly-polished woods in mosaic, and surrounded by bead-work of burnished gold. The Ethiop here stops—stands aside—and makes an obeisance with his body low bent, as to a man his master delights to honor, and with a graceful wave of his arm motions us to open and enter.

As we pass him to obey, he folds his gold beringed hands across his breast, and stands in an attitude of deference.

We touch the door lightly, and it flies open at the sound of a silver bell, which our pressure upon the lock sets musically in motion. We see before us a young page, in a suit of black velvet, braided with silk of gold, his waving and beautiful hair flowing freely upon his shoulders. He is a beautiful boy; and the arched eyebrows, black as sable, his almond-shaped eyes, long-lashed, and looking at you with that peculiar, yet interesting expression, which a woman's eyes wet with tender tears have, betray him of the race of David and of Jonathan, in whose veins flowed the proud blood of Abraham, ancestry before which the proudest shield among the peers of England should be lowered in homage. He was about fifteen years of age, finely formed, and attractive in every way. He smiles superbly—his pure, even teeth being displayed in all their pearly beauty by their contrast with his olive-tinted and dusky cheek.

"Enter, my Lord," he will say, in a tone of voice like the deep, soft notes of a flute gently breathed upon.

If we are entitled to the supposed rank, we enter, and, if not, we still enter; for as the youth never sees but "my lords" at his father's "palace," he knows no other title of welcome.

We find ourselves in an apartment which is a noble gallery of Fine Art, the walls of which are on all sides alcoved and painted of a light, sky-blue tint. They are hung with rich pictures, by the first masters; but carefully is excluded every subject upon which the best painters of the earth have achieved their glory and fame, viz: subjects related with New Testament history. Here were no "Crucifixions," no "Descents from the Cross," no "Marys at the Sepulchre," no heads of "Christ," or of "John the Baptist;" no "Ascensions," no "Virgin Madonnas." But the historical incidents of the old Jewish Scriptures had been largely and tastefully drawn upon. In one burnished-bordered panel was a life-size representation of young David, with his foot standing upon the Philistine giant's neck; in another, a "Moses standing sublime before Pharaoh;" in a third, Jeptha's daughter, who is therein represented as a magnificent embodiment of Jewish female beauty. There is a something wanting, we feel, as we survey this noble and unique gallery of art, and suddenly what is absent appears to us. There is not a statue—not a bust to be seen! The command of the Law, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image" is here fulfilled to the letter by the opulent Jew. The visitor is escorted along this beautiful gallery to a door still beyond, but reached by two broad steps, richly carpeted with gorgeous rugs from the costly looms of Ispahan.

The page opens this door, and instead of standing aside, as the dark African had done, to let us pass, he precedes us, and leads us into the very presence of the lord of all this taste, wealth, and concealed luxury.

We see before us a noble form, Israelitish in every outline and feature, but of the purest type of the descendants of Abraham. The apartment in which he receives us is a sort of private sitting-room, tastefully and elegantly furnished; and while books, and a writing-desk, and other little signs of business show that it is usually occupied by himself, there are visible in the inlaid work-table, the ivory escritoire, a harp, the fresh flowers in vases, upon a rich malachite table, and in a piece of half-finished embroidery, with the needle still sticking in it, proofs of the joint occupancy of it by a lady as the common sitting-room of the house.

The only occupant present now is the Israelite himself. He is seated in a spacious arm-chair of gilt Russian leather, robed in a Persian dressing-gown, and over his noble brow rose a magnificent caftan of exquisite workmanship, blue and crimson curiously interwoven in graceful forms. Before him, upon a leaf or lectern affixed to his chair, is a large Hebrew book, over which he is intently pouring. The light of a lamp of gold, made as nearly after the pattern of those in the ancient temple of his nation, as he dared have it fashioned, fell broadly upon his Aaronic or regal forehead—such a forehead as Abraham, Noah, Adam, the fathers of the human race must have had, upon which the Creatar has set "the seal and impress of a man." His noble, aquiline nose, arching over commandingly his heroic-looking mouth, and chiseled lips, such as Homer's great heroes must have had, was the pure type of that peculiar feature of his race, and which would have dignified the countenance of an archangel, were human features given to these angel-chiefs. His beard, once black as the velvet of his close-buttoned vest, swept upon his breast mingled with silver threads. His age was about fifty-five, and in form and aspect he was in full possession of his health and vigor. The man we are describing could not enter an emperor's presence without commanding his involuntary homage; and well might the Queen of England, or the Czar of all the Russias, rise at his approach, for he represents the long line and proud throne of the Jewish kings! In his veins flows the blood of Abraham and of David! His race is of that line of crowned monarchs on whose heads the hand of God placed the jeweled crown!

Nation peeled and down-trodden! Nation scattered over the face of the earth! Nation without a country! people without a land! without cities, without a temple, without an altar—without anything but that holy page before him containing the promise of restoration to all that they have lost! This wonderful people, preserving in two thousand years of dispersion their language, their laws, their religion, their God! This wonderful people, who mingle not with the peoples among whom they dwell, and who dwell among them as if they expected to depart on the morrow to return to their beloved Palestine, how carefully have they preserved their name, their language, and the blood of their royal line! With a long-descended, yet obscurely hidden king—yet fearing to acknowledge him before the jealous kings of the earth! With a standard of the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," yet fearing to lift it up and rally around it for the re-conquest of their holy land! With six hundred thousand fighting men, all numbered, quartered in every land, yet fearing to draw the sheathed sword of centuries, and strike with the ancient courage of their fathers in the days of the Maccabees and of Joshua, for their homes and their one God! With wealth untold and beyond computation, which would purchase Spain and all her rich isles of the sea, yet fearing to offer a price to buy their beautiful and honey-flowing vallies and hills from the Saracen who defiles them! A nation waiting for its time! an army daily expecting the coming of its leader for eighteen hundred years to unfurl the banner of the Restoration, and lead them "by a path through the nations," till he plants it upon the rocky summit of Mount Zion, to wave forever over the ramparts of Jerusalem! What people so wonderful as this? What miracle so grand as this ever-living and present one, open and patent to all men's eyes?

But we will not linger to apostrophize! Let us honor the children of Israel for the glory of their historical past! If they are to-day abased, and hang the head, and are selfish, and seek their own, let us not despise but pity! If *we* were and had been for eighteen hundred years in bondage, oppressed, enslaved, hated, despised, unjustly dealt with, should we, to-day, have more spirit and manly courage than they? Rather let us wonder that they have preserved so faithfully and well their religion and their morals; for what people in all the earth show so few criminals as the Jews? Instead of despising let us honor their patience, forbearance, faith, hope, and perseverance under difficulties that would have made any other people lose all religion, honor, morals, and hope.

But to our story. We must not forget that we have preceded Lord Neagle's entrance, and must not delay so long as to exhaust that young nobleman's patience. As we are supposed to be invisible (we, author and reader) the noble-looking Jew does not raise his eyes at our entrance, and we have had leisure to take our full survey of his personal appearance. The page approaches him, and leaning against his shoulder, affectionately and confidingly looks over the page as he reads. The two faces thus side by side—the royal and manly one, and the beautiful and youthful one—are strikingly alike. The younger speaks, and our suspicions are confirmed. The page, as we took him to be, is the son of the stately Israelite.

"Father, what do you read?"

"Elias, my son."

"Was he not a prince?"

"Nay—a prophet. Thou shouldst remember better, Israel, the great men of thy people. Read, and let me hear how thou hast improved in Hebrew since thy sister has been teaching thee."

The youth read in a clear, noble voice, and with brightening looks the stately words of the prophet, in their grand original—in the language which poets say, Eve and Adam conversed in in Paradise. And truly, enunciated so sweetly sonorous as it fell from his lips, it was indeed worthy to be a language, the direct gift of the Creator to men.

As he was reading, his father's approving smile showed that he was well pleased.

"Knowest thou the meaning of what thou hast so well read, my son?"

"It is some great glory for our people, dear father."

"Yes—a glory yet to come. Sit and listen to me, Israel. It is but fit thou, who art my only son, and towards whom, should this glory be unrevealed in my day, the eyes of all Israel will turn with reverence and prideful love, it is but fit you should know all that our dispersed people look for."

Selathiel then spoke to the listening boy of the former glory and splendor of the Jewish race, and that their present fall was only for a season. While he was speaking, his large, kingly eyes expanding a glowing with his sublime theme, a door that was ajar was softly opened wider, and a young female, with a high-born mien and the dark-toned brilliancy of a Jewess entered; but seeing the two thus engaged she paused just within the apartment, and listened, as if not wishing to interrupt them. It was a fine attitude for a painter to seize upon, with fine effect, the superb points of her beauty. To describe her extraordinary oriental style of loveliness in detail would be impossible. Such a figure in which the charms of the Three Graces were united might have had the fair daughter of Jeptha! Such regal brow would have become the lofty beauty of Judith, the victress over Holofornes! Such heavenly, dark eyes, soft and starry as an Indian-summer night, we can imagine Ruth to have had. Such lips, full of love and sweetly resolute in their ripe magnificence, must the young prince-patriarch, Isaac, have pressed, when he folded the Orient Rebecca to his heart his wife! In her face and person all the beauty of the heroines of her race seemed concentrated, as if nature would show that there still remained in this fallen people all those elements of beauty that anciently made its women reverenced over the Grecian and Roman world.

She was attired in a long purple robe of rich silk, shaped about the superb bust like a bodice, displaying her form in its most voluptuous fullness of outline, yet veiling the virgin bosom with the supremest modesty. Her jet black hair lay smooth and shining upon her temples, relieved by a massive fold of soft braids that bound her head like a coronet. Amid these braids spangled a diamond of great value amid a cluster of large pearls. Her snow-white neck was round as a column of ivory, and supporting her elegant head with so graceful a precision and symmetry, that no sculptor's chisel could have shaped the like ease and grace of bearing. Her arms were bare, and molded as Eve's must have been when she came in fresh loveliness from the hand of her Divine maker! They were a glory and a beauty; and when one gazed upon the fair, small pink fingers, sparkling with rubies and jewels, one thought only of music and poetry, which seemed to float around them.

With her Sappho-like head bent slightly forward, she listened immovable, with her glorious eyes bent upon her father and brother with the comingled looks of filial and sisterly love. As he continued her eyes sparkled, her bosom heaved, her color went and came, as if her heart and soul were in unison with every sentiment that fell from his lips. It was a striking and beautiful picture the three presented with the adjunct splendor of the apartment and the golden light that fell upon each.

"And will this great prince come, dear father?"

"Yes. The word of Esaias is true. As his prophecy of our dispersion is fulfilling, so do we believe that that of our restoration awaits fulfillment. This great prince and leader is to be of our blood and lineage, my son; for in you and me alone lives the line of David, from whom this mighty chief and conqueror is prophecied to spring."

"When will he come, father?" asked the young Jew, with his earnest and handsome eyes bent upon those of his father.

"We know not. We have waited two thousand years—we may have to wait two thousand more!" he added, with a shade of sorrow passing over his face.

At this moment the maiden advanced towards them, and she spoke:

"Say not so, my dearest father."

"Ketura, my child—I knew not you were here."

"I have heard all you have said. I have more hope of the near glory of our nation than you have, father," she said, in a voice warm and glowing, and with a noble melodious sound that reminded one of a harp tunefully sounded. "The time cannot be far off—for the current of all the splendid prophecies are meeting in this century."

"I trust so, my daughter. I hope to live to see that happy day."

"And what a day! The dispersion of our people in all nations has given us the knowledge of all tongues. The wealth in ready gold of our merchants will concentrate at Jerusalem the world's wealth. There is not a kingdom or an empire that has not near the throne some one or more Israelites of talent, education and rank. Spain, Austria, France, Russia, Persia, have ministers of State or of council, who are Jews! With such talent assembled in Judea, she will command the respect and homage of the world. In all lands Jews are eminent painters, sculptors, architects, authors, men of genius. Draw these brilliant men out of the nations and unite them in the cities of Judah! Thus by art, by gold, by intellect, by knowledge of all tongues, Israel restored will be the glory of the nations; and all nations will come to the glory of her rising. Central in position, she will command the avenues of commerce, by the Mediterranean on the west, the Nile and Red Sea on the south, by railways to the east, and to the Black Sea. Seated upon Mount Zion, she will give laws of commerce, of art, of government, of finance to the whole earth!"

"And religion," said Salathiel, who had been regarding with pride and amazement the eloquent face of his daughter, as he listened to her eloquent words, which seemed to fall like inspiration from her lips.

"Yes, dear father—the religion of our people shall become that of the human race!" she added, with beautiful faith beaming from her eyes.

The Jew arose and paced the floor for a moment with a proud and kingly step, as if he felt himself already a king upon the Judean throne. The eyes of the youth kindled with joy and hope; while Ketura stood with a hightened color, looking a very princess. It was a royal group; and in those three hearts beat at that moment prouder blood than e'er flowed through veins of Norman or Tudor monarchs.

Suddenly a little bell was pulled.

In a moment all was changed. These were joys and hopes and glories sacred to their race, and a stranger might not intermeddle with them. These moments vouchsafed from time to time to the dispersed Jew are bright morning stars that light up the gloom of his long night, and give promise the coming day.

"See, Israel, who comes!" said the Israelite, reseating himself, and assuming a careless air.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAIR JEWESS.

The page—for such was the office of the young Israelite in his father's house when guests were to be received—returned, announcing Lord Neagle; and hardly had his name been spoken, ere the nobleman stood in the presence of the Jew. When hearing it, an expression of surprise and dissatisfaction passed over the face of Ketura, and she rose as if she were about to retire.

"Nay, fair Jewess," said Lord Neagle, in a tone partly patronizing and partly gallant, "do not fly my presence. Surely, if Judith were half so lovely as thou art now, it is no wonder that the fascinated Holofornes lost his head!"

The fair maiden's brow darkened, and she bit her lip, as if her pride resented such flippant address, and she despised the speaker. Lord Neagle was well enough conscious that he would not have spoken thus to a high-born English girl, but "she was but a Jew's daughter" in his haughty eyes, and though her wonderful beauty demanded the profoundest homage of his admiration, it did not make him forget that she was a daughter of the "despised race of Abraham."

Five years the nobleman had been a "patron" of the rich Israelite, so long before having had need of money to meet the excesses of youthful dissoluteness; but only within the past four months had he so far gained the favor of Salathiel as to take wine with him in the penetralium of his palatial abode. The Jew, without doubt, felt a secret vanity at his heart in exhibiting to the nobleman who hitherto had known him only in his dark outer office, seated at his black, greasy desk, clad in a coarse gabardine and black skull-cap, and beard unkempt. All this splendor of the interior was doubtless created for other eyes than those of the lovely Ketura and the handsome boy Israel; and indeed other eyes beheld it, for at certain seasons of the Jewish year, the wealthier Jews of London secretly assembled by night in this gorgeous apartment, and there, with music and dancing and supper, renewed the festivals of the days of their nation's ancient glory. Wherefore the secresy thrown so carefully about all the splendor, it may be asked. To seem poor, that the regal taxes which fasten like fangs upon visible luxury, might not press upon them, is the habit of the Jew, who, having no voice nor vote in the government of the land in which he is a sojourner, has no interest in contributing to its support. Thus the private magnificence in which they live is kept secret and concealed by outward signs of poverty, and even of meanness. Without question there are many such Jewish mansions in the heart of London, which vie in splendor with the gorgeous "houses of delight" which, in the days of Solomon, studded the environs of Jerusalem, "palaces of cedar and perfumed wood, and filled with all manner of delicacies for the eye and pleasures for the heart," says an old scribe. No people have splendor either of dress, equipage or architecture, more than the Jews. No priesthood was ever clad so richly and magnificently as theirs of old! No king of earth ever rivaled Solomon "in all his glory!" No Roman epicure ever fared so sumptuously at his table as Dives the Jew! And at this day, were it policy so to do—did not costly show involve proportionable "assessments," the Israelite would openly display the splendors which wealth can purchase, with an Oriental taste and delicacy, and a combination of the useful and beautiful, unimagined and unreached by the western Saxon and Norman races.

Not only did Salathiel take pride in his noble rooms (the half of which we have not yet entered, and which, to the eye outside, seem but to be dingy warehouses, with bricked up windows) not only to his own people, many of whom could return nearly an equal entertainment, but to the few nobles "whom he delighted to honor." One of these had been recently Lord Neagle, who, to his surprise and astonishment, on accepting one evening an invitation to supper with him, in order to receive the last ten thousand pounds he could raise upon his fast disappearing fortune, was ushered, as we have been, into the superb suite of apartments in the interior. But if he was astonished to behold this splendor, and a supper served in a regal salon, with silver and gold service, his wonder and delight reached their hight when the beautiful Ketura entered, and took her seat before the tea-urn, her father simply naming her—

"My daughter, Ketura, my lord!"

The nobleman believed himself in a dream. He could with difficulty realize that it was all real, so unexpected had been the change from the gloomy front of the dwelling, and so amazing the contrast; and then he beheld before him a Jewess, before whose beauty King David's princely son would have forgotten the proud Queen of Sheba, and neglected that of the beautiful bather whom he beheld in the gardens of Uriah.

For that blissful hour of supper, the nobleman forgot that the noble-looking maiden was not noble—that is, on the scale mark of the English peerage, dating from William the Norman, albeit a princess on the royal scale of Israelitish pedigree of the "House of the Jewish Lion." From the hight of the throne of her ancestors three thousand years in the past, she could look down twenty-four centuries, ere the house of Lord Neagle began to merge from the obscurity of the masses. If their nobility was to be measured by length of descent, who was the more noble? If by blood, whose the most princely?—if by virtue, who the most worthy?—if by wealth, who was the heir to the most riches? Surely the proud Lord Neagle did not stoop very low to condescend to converse freely and respectfully with the beautiful Jewess at her father's board.

But at times a free remark would escape from his lips, or bold looks from his eyes, that showed he did not wholly forget that she was the daughter of a money-lender (and pray which is the baser, the lender or the money borrower—if it comes to cutting so close), and that it was his duty to try and make her the victim of his aristocratic love. Virtue has a hundred eyes given it for its protection, and quickly discovers the dangers that menace it. Modesty possesses an instinct which takes alarm at evil which others perceive not. The Jewish maiden saw through the bad heart of the licentious noble, and while she respectfully replied to his questions, and strove to treat him with the hospitality becoming her father's guest, she felt contempt in her heart for him.

From that day Lord Neagle became a frequent guest at the Jew's; and what with passing a portion of the evening with Lady Isabel, his then betrothed bride, and the remainder at the Jew's house, he managed to live the life of a honey bee, sipping now a flower here, and now a flower there. The wife he hoped to obtain from his own rank, but the mistress from the despised Jews!

But the money which Salathiel advanced him being soon lost at play, and as he had no other resources, and soon became an inmate of the King's Bench, and thence escaped to France, to return with a man's life on his hand, he was for some weeks prevented from seeing Ketura, who, the last time he had met her had received him with so much reserve as to fill his bosom with apprehensions lest she had detected his base motives—as if any woman of truth and modesty could ever mistake the slightest word or look of licentious desire. We have said Lord Neagle was a handsome man, and he could be a captivating man; and if Ketura had not been prematurely alarmed and put on her guard by his free manners, she might have suffered her heart to have been taken captive, since he embraced his opportunities to make use of any device of 'art and fence" in love to make her pleased with him. But not more certain was he that he never could make her his wife, than was she that he would never marry a Jewess. Her reserve only increased his passion. Salathiel, confident of the virtue and discretion of his noble daughter, felt no apprehensions, and did not hesitate to leave them together, for he felt a weak pride in having a daughter so lovely and highly endowed by nature and education, as to fascinate a noble of the realm.

But the flight to France put an end to this artful and unprincipled siege of an unconquerable fortress, and we find him now, after many weeks, a penniless adventurer, stealing in disguise about London, a discarded lover and a companion of conspirators to rob the Tower; to such base straits may even a noble come at last.

When he had made the promise to Hinchcliff and Steenie the Scotchman that he would give one hundred pounds in advance, he had a desperate hope that it might be advanced to him by Salathiel without security, "on the faith of friendship," for security he no longer had, having put out of his hands all he possessed, the Jew holding the titles and bonds to all he had been worth. The next day, therefore, he sought Salathiel, and found him in his outer office. The Jew, who had heard of his escape from prison, was not surprised to see him in disguise, whiskered, and wearing the dress of a French sailor

"What securitiesh you give, my lor'?"

"I have nothing," he answered, in a pitiful tone. "All my property is in your hands and in that of my creditors," he answered, feeling that sense of meanness which a dissolute borrower has before him he would borrow of, and whom he feels is beneath him socially. With him pride had had its full fall to the tether's length.

"I cannot lend money without securitiesh," said the Jew, coldly.

"But for friendship, Salathiel?" he urged, fawningly, of the man whom, had he his lands and gold again, he would have spurned with his foot.

"I have no friends, my lort, but among my own people. When you needed money and brought securitiesh, I loaned it. It is my business. I have none friendships with Gentiles."

"Do you insult me, Jew?—mean, inexorable Jew? Have you no heart—no soul? Is your nature all gold? I believe a Jew's heart is a stone!"

"Go ask your Christian friends, my lort! They will perhaps lend you without securitiesh. The Christian haves tender hearts. Their book of religion teaches them, 'From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away!'"

"I see I wrong you, Salathiel. They would not lend me a half crown to keep me from starving. The very fact that I needed half a crown would be good cause why I should be refused it, for they say, 'He must be a poor devil to want half a crown, and a poor devil ought not to have half a crown!'"

"When wilt thou repay me?"

"Let me see," answered Lord Neagle, his face lighting with hope at this unlooked-for question. "Within—let me see" (and he began to calculate mentally as follows: 'It will be six days to the time when all will be ready for the Tower expedition; in seven days, if we are successful, I shall be in funds; but I will want a day or two to raise money on the jewels—I will say ten days.') "Within ten days, sir."

"Very well. Ten days from to-day I shall expect to be repaid. I will lend you the one hundred pounds."

As Salathiel spoke, he unlocked the iron safe behind him, and counted out the amount in fair, bright Spanish gold. Lord Neagle's eyes sparkled as he received it into his hands.

"Now, my lort, do not say that a Jew's heart is harder than a Christian's. We Israelites must protect ourselves. No man trusts us. We must, therefore, secure our own good against poverty."

"Poverty!" exclaimed Lord Neagle, as he placed the gold in his empty purse, recalling the splendor of the Jew's abode.

"To heap up riches is esteemed a virtue by our nation—not a vice; for when we shall return to our own land of Judea, now poor, and desolate, and forsaken, its riches and glory and power must depend upon the wealth each Jew carries back into it from the nations among which he has dwelt. The Jew who carries home to his beloved Jerusalem the greatest wealth, confers the greatest glory and splendor thereon; for it is by the gold and silver of her children that Judea shall rebuild her hundred cities, and put on her beautiful garments again. We keep our riches, therefore, in ready gold, and not in lands and houses, that we may easily and readily remove it with us when the expected cry, 'Behold, thy king cometh!' shall be heard in the ears of every Jew, from the Indus to the Atlantic sea, calling upon them to leave the nations, as once laden with the gold of the Egyptians, they first followed Moses to the same beautiful and glorious land."

Lord Neagle was impressed by the enthusiasm and glowing eloquence of the stately speaker, and said apologetically, and with a respect unwonted with him in addressing those he supposed to be his inferiors, "I beg pardon, Salathiel! I never before understood your people. Truly, to get gold, with your faith in a new Messiah to lead you back to Jerusalem, is indeed a virtue, and very far from a vice. I shall henceforward attach a very different interpretation to the phrases, 'close as a Jew,' 'rich as a Jew;' for to be one, you must be the other, and to be the other is to be a benefactor and ennobler of your glorious country."

The nobleman, the same day as we have already mentioned, placed the one hundred pounds, so humiliatingly obtained, in the hands of Hinchcliff. Until his subsequent visit, a week afterwards, to Lady Isabel, under cover of the night, and that to the secret place in the cul-de-sac to see the keys and settle upon the hour for the meeting at the Sack Inn, he kept himself concealed in the sailor's inn where he had first overheard, from the closet, the conversation between Hinchcliff and Steenie.

Having brought up events to this point, we shall now, before accompanying the barge from the "Sack" down the Thames to her destination, show the result of this last interview sought by the young nobleman with Salathiel.

His passion conceived for the fair Jewess was too ardent for his reverses to cool, or for his hopes to abandon. His vanity led him to believe that no maidenly virtue could withstand (especially that of a Jewess) the advances of a "nobleman," and he believed there was fascination enough to a young girl's ears "of the common ranks of life" in a mere title to win her, even though the wearer of the title were a beggar and an outcast. His assurance therefore never failed him.

"To what am I indebted for this honor, my lord?" said the dignified Jew, as he saw Lord Neagle enter.

"Merely a friendly visit, Salathiel," he answered, cavalierly. "I may soon leave England, and I would pay my respects to the fair Ketura," he added, bowing to the Jewess, who sat near her father with a face wholly unembarrassed; as if Lord Neagle were a perfect stranger, seen then for the first time.

"She will no doubt wish you a pleasant tour, my lord, as I do, and a safe return," said her father.

Lord Neagle felt that the words were cold, and that he had lost prestige. He glanced at the maiden who sat in her cold beauty, like, as it seemed to him, a fair statue of ice—frozen loveliness not to be melted by the warmest beams from his impassioned eyes.

"I fear I have no hopes," he said to himself; "but a desperate gamester must not hesitate when he has but a last card. If this Tower adventure fail, all my hope is here! Lady Isabel to-night has made me hand-free and heart-free, and I desire no greater revenge upon her than offer to this Jewess the hand she has so haughtily flung from her. Because, too, I have killed a man in duello! How many of our lords and even kings have slain their foes, and never deemed by the world worse men! A gamester? So are half the peers of the realm—not excepting her own father, Lord Conybeare, himself, who, if report says truly, is a private loser at play, in his club, to large amounts; and who I hear has gone this very night to his club to meet a gambling challenge, from that prince of players, Sir Paul Varney. A spendthrift, I! By the mass, if her father play not well with such an antagonist as Sir Paul, the proud Isabel Conybeare may yet find herself a beggar, even as I am! A seducer! Pah! What noble of any spirit or fashion has not had his sweet conquests among the pretty rural virgins of England ere he seriously takes a wife from the peeresses! Vices in us lords, like the Jew's avarice, are the virtues of our rank. A king's wrong is venial, and a lord's vice is but a 'little wildness,' while your commoner, guilty of the same, must answer to the law. Pshaw! Lady Isabel is a prude! She does not understand the privileges of the nobles."

These reflections, which we have put into words, passed through his mind with the usual rapidity of one's thoughts, and, turning to Salathiel, he said,

"Will you permit me to say a word to your daughter?"

"She can answer for herself."

"In my father's presence, yes," said Ketura, with reserve.

"Icy as Arcturus! But I must strike! If the Tower affair fail, this string must be in reserve to my bow. If it succeed, it will be easy enough to cut it."

These words were only conceived in his mind, not spoken.

"Be it so, then," he added, aloud. "If I am denied a private interview, especially as I would bespeak both your ears, and as well perhaps together as separately——"

The Jew stared, and the maiden arched slightly her fair brows with surprise.

"——You are not unaware, beautiful Ketura, of my rank and name! that I am an earl, and hold degree with the first lords of the realm." He paused, a little embarrassed.

The Jewess bowed.

"Haughty as an empress!" (aside.) "You are aware, too, Salathiel, that my fortune is greatly impaired, but not so much so, but that a few years' residence abroad will place me once more in a position to live as becomes my rank."

The Jew's visage remained immoveable.

"But, beautiful Ketura, you are not aware that since I first beheld you my heart has been yours! I have conceived for you a deep and honorable passion! Nay—look not so proudly angry—so incredulous, fairest of maidens. Your charms and virtues have captivated me. I have come hither to-night to offer you my hand, my heart, my title. Will you become my wife—become the Countess Neagle?"

The face of the young Jewess betrayed her complete surprise. The rich blood mounted to her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with that light of pride and pleasure which ever flashes in the looks of a young girl who first hears a declaration of passion.

We have said Ketura disdained the young nobleman, not because she could not love him (for he had made skilful use of all the blandishments of words, looks and manner he was master of, to win her), but because she knew he could not be sincere, that, therefore, it was her duty to guard her heart, lest that heart might love fatally and dangerously. But instantly all these precautions vanished before his declarations. Yet she looked doubtful and hesitating, and feared fully to confess her delight.

"Are you sincere, my lord?—or do you mock my daughter?" said the Jew, gravely.

"Sincere. I speak with all my heart. I will be frank with both. My fortune is impaired, yet not my rank or title. For the fortune you will give your daughter I am willing to share with her my title; but never unless I loved her. That I love her I have confessed. Who could help loving one so fair, in whose glorious eyes young Love seems to slumber, dreaming of delight, and the slightest murmur of whose lips is love's broken music."

Conscious of her beauty, Ketura blushed, and stood with panting breast and parted lips, scarce daring to venture the words that her wishes prompted her to utter.

The wise Salathiel quietly withdrew from the room, and Lord Neagle stood alone with the Jewess. He approached her tenderly, and said,—

"Ketura, remove from your heart all doubts. I idolize you, and adore your thousand charms. Only my reverses have prevented me from declaring myself sooner; and only at length have I dared, penniless as I am, to make known to you my passion!" Here he took her hand, which she did not withdraw. "Say that I am accepted by you, dearest maid! Look not coldly upon me."

"My lord, to say you are indifferent to me would be untruthful. But I have schooled my heart not to feel, and have tried rather to hate than love you. But now that you have shown me that my suspicions of your truth were wrong, I as frankly acknowledge and dismiss them; but, my lord——"

"What objection now, fair Ketura?"

"The dames of your rank will not acknowledge a Jewess. I shall, as your wife, though Countess, be despised."

"No! Your beauty and virtues will command the world's admiration. Besides, when we are wedded, your father will leave this place, and take a magnificent villa, and live in keeping with his wealth; and if he but say so, he can enter Parliament; for his popularity and wealth will command the suffrages necessary for his election."

But we will not record the further scenes of this interview; suffice it to say that the handsome, aristocratic-looking lord, Harry Neagle, left the Jew's abode, two hours later, the affianced husband of the lovely Ketura, who hitherto, for fear that she should love in vain, would have let her secret passion burn itself out untold, but for the declaration that opened all her heart and exposed her hidden love. If the proud and high-born Isabel Conybeare had loved Lord Neagle with a deep passion that it nearly broke her noble heart to tear from it, is it a wonder that the retiring and recluse Ketura, who seldom left her father's house, should be won by him, especially when he made use of all his genius to fascinate her with himself?

As to Salathiel, he saw at a glance the advantages of such a union with his daughter. He was ambitious, and had been secretly active in moving for Jewish privileges. Secretly he was the intimate friend of the great political Israelite, who had already his footstep on the threshold of the House of Commons. By representing the Jewish people, the talented and far-seeing Jew hoped to gain for them privileges and benefits equally with citizens and subjects. He aspired to be a benefactor of his people; and if he could not govern them as their king in Judea, it would be his glory to lead them as their chief, and be their defender in exile.

Lord Neagle indeed had lost his best estates; but held he not their titles in his iron chest for monies loaned the nobleman? And to have such an alliance with the peerage, would he not gladly surrender them all to him, as the husband of his daughter? And if he could not recover all he had signed away to others, would not the fortune he would give Ketura enrich him twofold? It is true he is a duellist! What young nobleman is not? It is true he has been in prison on suspicion of fraud—but this does not injure a lord, if it be not proved against him; and his creditors are in error as he showed me a few nights since. Without doubt there is a cloud upon his fair fame; but when he shall pay his debts, recover his articles, and be known as the husband of the richest Jew's daughter in London, by the beard of David! no man will be so high that will refuse to do him reverence!

Thus soliloquized the father; and when before Lord Neagle left the latter sought an interview with him, it was settled in writing that, if Lord Neagle married Ketura, he should receive again his estates and one hundred thonsand pounds as her portion; and also that Lord Neagle should use his influence to favor his ambitious views, provided he would purchase and reside in splendor like that he now displayed in a fashionable part of London.

These preliminaries and conditions being duly written and signed by each, Lord Neagle hastened to the rendezvous with rapid steps, fearing he should be too late. On the way he found, as was preconcerted, Hinchcliff in waiting for him at the corner of Thames and Queens street.

"You are late, my lord."

"Yes—business of importance detained me. Do you know, Hinchcliff, I have half a mind to give up this adventure? I find it possible (if I sell my liberty to a Jew) to enrich myself another way."

"Never sell yourself. We shall get rich to-night and keep our freedom. Come, my lord. We shall be behind time. I have got all ready, boat and everything needful. Here are the keys. Let us hasten."

"Then forward it is," said the young nobleman. "If this fail I am safe. If it do not fail I am free," he mused, as he walked on.

Ten minutes afterwards he knocked on the window of the Sack Inn, was admitted, and, as we have seen, entered the six-oared boat with Captain Foy and George the coxswain, and pulled down the Thames in the direction of the Tower.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A SEVERE BUT TRUE STATEMENT.

Parents now-a-days, says the celebrated Doctor Priestley, almost universally, down to the poorest tradesman or mechanic, who, to ape his superiors, strains himself beyond his circumstances, send their daughters to boarding-schools. And what do they mostly learn there? I say, mostly; for there are exceptions, and such as do the principals real honor. Need I mention that making allowance for those exceptions, they learn chiefly to dress, to dance, to speak bad French, to prattle much nonsense, to practice I know not how many conceited airs, and, in consequence of all, to conclude themselves accomplished women. I say nothing here of the alarming suggestions I have heard as to the corruption of their morals. Thus prepared they come forth into the world. Their parents naturally partial, fancy them everything that is fine, and are impatient to show them, or, according to the fashionable phrase, to let them see company; by which is chiefly meant exhibiting them in public places. Thither at last many of them are conducted. They have youth and perhaps beauty. The effect of both is hightened by all possible means, at an expense frequently felt for a long time after. They are intoxicated by so many things concurring to deprive them of their little senses. Gazers and flatterers they meet with everywhere. All is romance and distraction, the extravagance of vanity, and the rage of conquest. They think of nothing that is domestic or rational. Alas, they were never taught it! How to appear abroad with the greatest advantage is the main concern; in subserviency to which, as well as for the general love of amusement, parties of pleasure, as they are called, become the prevailing demand, and the end of the matter is too often a life of shame, and a dishonorable grave.

THE THREE VITAL PRINCIPLES.

The formative force is the peculiar vital principle of the earth. In the creation of minerals the force is, as it were, still in an embryonal condition, it blindly follows external laws, the universal powers of nature, the physical and chemical forces rule over its activity, and mathematics prescribe to it rules which admit of no exception. In plants the childhood of the formative force commences. Become independent, nature finds out a special form, which, simple as it is, insures the possibility of a great multiplicity, through combination, and full of joy at the discovery, cannot desist from continual creation. In the pleasure of the sport, she seems to forget all else; with childish pride she openly displays the variegated, changeful shapes which she has made; she knows nothing, secret or hidden, for *purposes* are still strange to her; her efforts are guided solely by the pure desire of beauty, or, at most, like a wayward child, she now and then gives the rein to strange caprice. But childhood passes away, and she learns to work for a purpose · form and beauty are no longer the highest and sole regulating principles—they become subordinate to utility; then, however, she wisely conceals the means by which her purposes are attained. That which was free and open to view is now hidden, and the animal folds itself over its organs. In the plant we have the principle of beauty and variety of form, to which life is but subservient; while in the animal, life in its different modes of expression becomes the purpose to which form is subordinate and adapted. The mammiferous whale takes the fish's form because it is destined to live in water; but the cactus stem undertakes the functions of the leaves, because it pleases nature to form a plant without those organs. The plant must display as many forms as possible, therefore it conceals nothing within itself. The animal must develop its life to the highest individual independence, consequently it hides all its important organs within, and turns to the external world a surface as far as possible of equal importance and value in all parts. The plant becomes subdivided and developed outwardly, the animal inwardly.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

Some teachers suppose that no benefit, but much evil, would be the result of the early and systematic instruction of children in morals and religion. This is a great mistake. The doctrines of Christianity, if properly presented, can have only a beneficial effect upon the minds and hearts of the young. Is there aught in these doctrines that can render the mind gloomy and unsocial? Will the habitual gratitude of the heart to the Supreme Benefactor detract from the enjoyment of his gifts? Will the idea of the constant presence and protection—the love and favor of such a Being—tend to depress the mind? Or will the wish for the approbation of this Heavenly Father, friend, protector and judge, and the fear of his displeasure, impair the energy of virtue? Why, then, do we reject the salutary assistance which religion offers us to subduing the worst, and cultivating the best passions and affections of the human heart? Alas! because that, by the public and the splendid scenes of this vain and transitory life, we are so completely engrossed, that in the education of our children we lose every other view but that of qualifying them to attract the applause and admiration of the world. For this in our boys we cultivate the understanding, while we neglect the heart; in our girls we leave both heart and understanding to the care of chance, while we assiduously endeavor to make them excel in a few superficial and useless accomplishments. But while we thus strive to build the fabric of their fame, it is to be feared that in laying the foundation, we sometimes undermine their happiness.

THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.

The propriety of cultivating feelings of benevolence towards our fellow-creatures is seldom denied in theory, however frequently the duty may be omitted in practice. It has been recommended by the eloquence of heathen philosophers, and enforced by some extraordinary examples of heathen philanthropy; but as the foundations on which they built their beautiful theories of virtue were narrow and confined, the superstructure was frail and perishable, and never was the true foundation discovered, till brought to light by Jesus Christ. He first taught how the obstacles to benevolence were to be removed, by conquering that pride, self-love, and vain glory, which had, till then, constituted a part of the catalogue of human virtues. He first taught the universality of its extent, by connecting it with the love of the common Father and Benefactor of all, and made the love of our fellow-creatures the test and criterion of our love to the Creator, while from true devotion to the Supreme being, he thought that benevolence to man must necessarily flow. He likewise taught that upon all who were convinced of these truths, and were anxious to fulfill the divine commandments, divine assistance would be bestowed. He alone ennobled virtue by the assurance of an eternal reward, and gave dignity to this probationary scene, by representing it as introductory to a glorious and everlasting state of felicity.

AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.

It has been advanced by several writers who have shown considerable talent in the art of education, that it is dangerous to describe to pupils the human character, as it is daily exhibited on the stage of life, and that the fairest side of the world should be presented for speculation. But we do not think that deceit can ever be practiced with success in education, and that this, above all others, will be found a mischievous mistake, because it excludes the great lesson of moral prudence from tuition, and leaves the enlightening of the pupil's mind on this important subject to the dangerous means of experience. It is the duty of the tutor, in this matter, to do as much himself, and to leave as little for the exertion of his pupil, as he possibly can; and in order to give him the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the harmlessness of the dove, it will be necessary not to conceal the vices of others, but to convince his judgment that the superiority of happiness lies greatly on the side of virtue.

NECESSITY OF RECREATION.

Men of the firmest nerves and the most established principles have need of occasional repose in order to recruit their forces, and to recover the due tone both of body and mind. The stoutest frame is impaired, and the hardiest virtues grow sickly and languid, by unremitted exertion; and what Lord Bacon says of silence, that it is the rest of the soul, and refreshes invention, is here more generally applicable: and it is in the silence and calm of retreat that all our powers, natural and moral, are refreshed and invigorated, and made prompt for further service. Like our mother earth, we require respite at certain intervals, lest by being over-wrought we become impoverished and unproductive

TIME.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Time! what is time? A power stern, bodiless,
That we may feel, but never see. We gaze
With aching eyes into the past, and there
We see a thousand shapes of light and gloom
Floating like atoms in the pallid beams
Of mournful memory, but the perished year
Is all unseen. From thence we sadly turn,
And, gazing on the future, we behold
Dim, countless forms trooping from its dark
Unfathomed ocean to the lonely shore
Of earthly being, but the coming years
Are all invisible. And then we pause
And gaze above, around, beneath, and lo!
Our eyes are startled by the mighty deeds
Of the now-passing time; the iron weight
Of his stern presence rests upon our souls;
We feel the awful spectre touch our brows
With his cold, death-like finger; and we hear
The deep and mingled roar that rises up
From all his mighty doings on our earth;
And yet he has no form to cast its gleam
Or shadow on our sight.

JOHN BRODIE'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE TWO "PANICS."

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Marry her if you will, sir; but the consequences be upon your own head. Mind that!"

And Silas Brodie, as he thus spoke, gazed sternly upon his son. He was very angry, and his lips were compressed until their hue was bloodless.

"She must be my wife, father," John Brodie returned, calmly and decidedly.

"*Must?* Will you set at nought a father's authority?"

"You have no right to put the question in that way," the young man said, reprovingly. "You know very well that in all things just, I will still obey you. But not in this—not in this. I cannot. I love Alice Darcy—I have loved her a long time—and I cannot sacrifice my whole of joy and peace for coming life to a false, pernicious idea of fashion or expediency."

"Very well, sir," cried the old man, with a waive of the hand. "Go! I will not retract. Marry with Isabel Ogden, and a hundred thousand dollars are yours. Marry with this low girl, and—*not one penny!*"

"My father—one hundred thousand dollars cannot buy your son!" And thus proudly speaking John Brodie turned from his parent's presence.

There was a gleam of pride upon that father's face as he gazed upon the erect, handsome form of his boy; but it faded quickly away, and his foot came down with a stamp, as though he would crush forever the emotion he had for a moment experienced.

Silas Brodie had retired from business, and he was very wealthy. John was his only child, and he had long held a plan for a "brilliant alliance" for his heir. He had even made arrangements with the parents of Isabel Ogden for a union between herself and his son. Hence, when he found that John had shaped his own course, and resolved to marry a poor, unknown girl, his rage was deep and bitter. He would not think of it—he would have the low girl apprehended for robbing his son of his love—he would stop it in some way. But when, in the end, he found that he could not stop it, he took an oath that he would disinherit his child if he persisted in his rebellious course. We have seen the result.

In the home of an humble artizan, and engaged in knitting, sat Alice Darcy. Her pure, handsome face was lighted up by a happy smile, for a little child—a child of her only brother—gamboled by her side. Alice had been spending the winter in the city with her brother, and had intended to return in the spring to her home in the country, where she had been living with an uncle, her parents being both dead.

In a little while the child went away, and then Alice stopped knitting, and became sad and thoughtful.

"Eh? How now, Allie, my darling?" cried a stalwart man, of some five-and-thirty years, whose garb bore upon it the dust and wear of toil. "Why so sad? Tell me."

"Sit down, Tom, and I will tell you."

So the brother sat down, and took both his fair sister's hands in his own. There was an earnest, honest, loving look upon his face which gave Alice confidence at once.

"Now what is it?"

"I'll tell you, Tom,—I must not——"

"Not what?"

"Not—not——"

"Oh, fudge! Don't tremble so, and tell me what you want to say. You mean to say that ye mustn't marry with John Brodie. Eh?"

"Aye, Tom,—the very words I would have spoken," returned Alice, bowing her head, and trembling more violently still.

"Why—what a silly girl. Pooh! Nonsense! Look up here, darling mine. You don't know what you're talking about. Not marry with John? And why not?"

"Because," said the sister, with more composure, "I shall only rob him of his patrimony. His father will disinherit him."

"And what of that? John Brodie has made his own selection; and let me tell you, he has made a good one. When I started out to learn his true character I found him all I could wish for the husband of my sister. And I found out one more thing, too: I found him to be one who would count all the gold of all the world as dross and a curse were it heaped up in one great pile, and offered to him if he would sell his heart. No, no,—John Brodie loves you too well—you love him too well—you would both be miserable if you were to leave him. But then I know you won't. John won't let you."

Just as Tom spoke John Brodie entered the room. The latter took the brother's seat, and was then informed of what Alice had been saying. He gazed into her beautiful face a moment, and then he clasped her to his bosom.

"Never!" he cried. "Leave me? Oh, every hope of joy in the future is centered in you. Leave me? You cannot. Together, with youth and health, we'll start up Life's hill, and carve our own way. Say, love—you cannot deny me."

She did not.

John Brodie took sweet Alice Darcy for his wife, and, true to his promise, the old man cast him off, and even closed his doors against his disobedient boy. John was sorry, for he still loved that old man who had been his father. But the young husband was happy. He had found a wife more valuable than houses and money, and he knew how to prize her. He went to his father once and asked that he might be received, not as an heir, but as a child; but he was indignantly rejected.

"But you will love me some time again," the young man said.

"Never!" was the parent's response.

John went no more to his father's house. Alice did all in her power to make her husband happy, and she succeeded. And she did more. She helped him in his business, and encouraged and sustained him in all his efforts.

In a few years fortune smiled upon John Brodie. He had saved enough, with his wife's help, to go into business, and an excellent opportunity was found. All the young merchant's ventures proved favorable. Gold came to his coffers, and he grew rich.

In course of time John Brodie saw a group of four children about him—three daughters and one son—and his home was one of affluence and solid comfort. He had placed his gentle Alice at the head of a costly establishment, and the future promised much.

When Alice's oldest daughter was sixteen the mother received word that her old uncle—the one who had brought her up—was dead, and that all his property was left to her. It amounted to a farm worth some five thousand dollars, beside good buildings, farming utensils, good stock of oxen, horses, pigs, sheep and hens.

"We do not need it," said John Brodie.

"But I shall keep it, nevertheless. Who knows but the time may come when our boy may need a home. I'll keep it, John."

A good man was obtained to live on the distant farm, and from that time John Brodie almost forgot that there was such a thing.

A few more years sped on, and then came a cloud over the business world. The cloud grew more heavy and dark—the lightning-bolt followed—and the crash came. Fortunes sank like wrecked ships; men arose in the morning worth tens of thousands, and returned to their homes at even penniless; strong firms became weak and tottered; magnificent business schemes fell through in a day, carrying their projectors down to ruin; and a wail of woe and distress went up from the land.

John Brodie came home one evening and sank into a chair. He was pale and wan, and a death-like damp stood upon his brow.

"I know it all," whispered Alice, winding her arms about his neck. "You have lost your fortune."

"Aye," the merchant groaned, "every penny!"

"Is all lost, John? Have you saved nothing?"

"Nothing, Alice—nothing! I have lost thirty thousand dollars by one bank, and nearly as much more by the failure of a single house. I am ruined! Oh! I could bear it for myself—but for you—my wife and children. 'Tis terrible!"

"What is terrible?" asked Alice, in a whisper.

"Such ruin."

"Ruin of what?" said the wife, eagerly and earnestly, with her arms still about her husband's neck. "Are we not richer than we were when we were so happy in our morning of life? See our children——"

"Aye—and see them suffer!"

"No, no," cried a chorus of voices; and more warm arms were about his neck.

"No, no," repeated Alice. "Never so happy as now if they can but help you to happiness. You have worked for years to rear a glittering pile, and what was it worth after it was done? It was worth to us only our sustenance. It was not worth the love of one of these children—it was not worth the smiles of peace that shall still be ours."

"But no house!—no home!" groaned John Brodie. "This place is already seized."

"But we would not stay here if we could, my dear husband. We have a better home. Come with me—with your children—to our home in the country."

John Brodie started with a new life.

"Would you—would these petted children—be content in that far-off place?"

"Ah, John, the children of your Alice are not petted. I have taught them to love the home of my childhood, and in all their education they have not learned to love the gaudy show and empty fashion by which they have been surrounded. John—you shall find your children worthy of you."

The stout man wept when this soft influence of devotion beamed upon his soul, and ere he retired to his sleep he knew that his wife and his children were anxious to get away upon the quiet farm.

As soon as possible John Brodie settled up his affairs. He gave up everything, and his creditors, when they saw that he had no more, set him free.

But John Brodie could not go without one more attempt to regain his father's love. He went to the home of his boyhood, but the stern old man would not see him. The long-cherished enmity had become a part of his very soul, and he would not relent.

So John went away and was unhappy for a while, but the smiles of his own loved ones soon brought joy to his heart.

In due time John Brodie reached his wife's farm. It had been well taken care of, and was in excellent condition. A neat white cottage, with green blinds, half hidden by huge cherry trees; a long succession of sheds, and wood-houses, and carriage-houses led thence to a white stable, and beyond this was the huge barn. The surface of the tillage land was smooth and free from stones, while the rest of the farm lay in beautiful swells, partly covered by wood, and in other places dotted by the grazing herds.

"Now if we only had a little money to begin with," said John, after he had been over the premises.

"I guess we can raise enough," returned Alice, with a smile.

"How? Where?"

"Why—what do you suppose this farm has been doing for the past five years?"

The husband gazed eagerly into his wife's face, but made no reply.

"I have received five hundred dollars a year for it," she resumed, "and have the money in my pocket now. I drew it out from the Savings Bank two weeks ago, thus, I suppose, doing my share towards creating a panic."

Alice drew out twenty-six hundred dollars and handed it to John. He looked at the money—then into that still sweet face—and then his head was pillowed upon her bosom.

John Brodie's farming progressed famously, and he soon assured himself that the place would more than support his family. In a little while new strength came to his own frame; new color came to the rounding cheeks of his children, and to the face of his Alice came back the old joy and smile of other days.

"What would induce you to go back to the turmoil of the great city, John?" Alice asked, when they had been a year in their new home.

"Only one thing in all the world could induce me," the husband answered, while he stood with both his hands upon Alice's shoulders, and gazed into her still handsome features,—"only one thing in all the world—the happiness of my wife and children."

"And if they were happier here?" Alice said, with tears in her eyes.

"Then not all the world beside could hire me to leave this happy retreat."

Time passed on. John Brodie's head became gray, but his step was firm, and his frame strong. His daughters were all married and doing well, while his son, now grown a stout man, had taken a wife and assumed control of the farm. The silver upon the head of Alice seemed only new rays of glory about her brow, and the few furrows upon her face were only lurking-places for smiles and happy joys.

And the farm had been productive, too. A railroad had brought it near to the city, and in the one item of fruit much money was every year realized over and above the expenses of the family.

Twenty years had John Brodie lived upon his farm, and then came another cloud, lightning-bolt, and crash upon the financial world. But not upon him—no, not upon him. He sat in his cosy library, with loved Alice by his side, and read in the papers of the terrible wrecks of fortune in the world about him. His thoughts ran back over twenty years, and he remembered that other storm wherein he had been wrecked. So he had sympathy for those who suffered now.

And the storm raged in the great world of business, and by-and-by a new wreck was thrown upon the strand of ruin. It was an old man—very old. For years he had prided himself upon his wealth. One storm had he ridden out in safety, and he had not feared this one. But of late, to keep down memories which haunted him, he had dabbled in stocks. He speculated—and fell.

And when all was gone—when the ruin was complete—that old man took his staff and walked forth from the city. The autumn wind blew his sparce, snow-white locks about, and his frame trembled as he moved on.

John Brodie sat in his library, and Alice was by his side. The door was opened and a little boy—one of John's grand-children—led in an aged man.

"*My father!*" cried John, starting to his feet.

And the old man put forth his trembling hands and murmured,—

"MY SON!—MY SON! OH, MY SON!"

Alice took the boy by the hand and led him out.

An hour passed, and then John Brodie came forth leading his father by the arm. Both had been weeping much, and both looked very happy, though over that older face still lingered the traces of old regrets.

"Alice," spoke John, "this is MY FATHER!"

The old man seemed fearful at first, but when he saw that quick, joyous look beam upon Alice's face he had no more doubt. She gave him both her hands, and on the next moment his hoary head was pillowed upon her bosom. In a little while he looked up, and, in broken accents, said,—

"Love me—love me—and I'll bless God for the ruin! Love me both, and I'll bless you while I live!"

And when the old man was assured of their love, and they were all seated together, and the children had come to see their great-grandfather, John Brodie spoke,—

"I thanked God for the old crash a score of years ago, for it gave me a new life, and it opened to me a knowledge of the love of my wife and children, which I had never fully appreciated before. And now how fervently may I thank God for this present crash of ruin, when it has given back to me a father."

"Oh! we should be very grateful," said Alice.

"Grateful!" cried John, the tears starting to his eyes as he did so. "Grateful!" he repeated. And then he wound his arms about his wife's neck, and his tears and kisses were upon her cheek together.

Ah—that was still his great gratitude—his great joy—his great hope—his WIFE!

WANTING IN LOVE TO EACH OTHER.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

Oh! there's a theme to make each dream,
And power to make each hour
As light and sweet as the bloom at our feet
Which is culled from the May-day flower.
Men seek too high for things that are nigh,
Foregoing the help of a brother;
Selfish and blind is the state of the mind
When wanting in love to each other.

Oh! there's a plan to make each man
Happy the whole day through,
Nor need he to roam to better his home
Would we find him but work to do.
There's plenty of soil on which to toil,
And add to the golden dower,
Would men be but wise, and speedily rise
In loving and aiding each other.

Oh! there's a way to make each day,
And power to make each night—
Bright as the moon and the sun's afternoon,
Would men be but wise and unite.
There's plenty for all, the great and the small,
And plenty to give to our brother;
We too often waste in our hurry and haste
By wanting in love to each other.

THE WHALE:

ITS DISEASES AND ITS MARINE ENEMIES.

The gigantic denizens of the deep are subject both to disease and deformity; some having been taken that were entirely blind, both eyes being completely disorganized, and the orbits occupied by fungous masses protruding considerably, rendering it certain the whale must have been deprived of vision for a considerable space of time, yet not so as to incapacitate him from feeding, blind whales being found as fat as seeing ones. The deformity referred to is a crookedness of the lower jaw, which old whalers say is caused by fighting. Sperm whales have been seen to fight by rushing, head first, one upon the other, their mouths at the same time wide open, their object appearing to be to seize their opponent by the lower jaw. For this purpose they frequently turn themselves on the side, and become, as it were, locked together, their jaws crossing each other, and in this manner they strive vehemently for the mastery, with force to which not even Milton's wars of the angels can compare.

The only natural enemies it is known to have are the swordfish, thrasher, and killer. This latter is itself a species of whale that has sharp teeth, and is exceedingly swift in the water, and will bite and worry a whale until quite dead. When one of them gets among a gam or school of whales, he spreads great consternation, and the timid creatures fly every way, like deer chased by the hounds, and fall an easy prey to whale-boats that may be near enough to avail themselves of the opportunity. I have heard a captain detail with great interest a scene of this description, in which the killers and harpooners were together against the poor whales, and the killers actually succeeded in pulling under and making off with one prize which the whalemen thought themselves sure of. In the United States exploring squadron, on board the Peacock, as we learn from the narrative of Commander Wilkes, they witnessed a sea-fight between a whale and one of these enemies. The sea was quite smooth, and offered the best possible view of the combat. First, at a distance from the ship, a whale was seen floundering in a most extraordinary way, lashing the smooth sea into foam, and endeavoring, apparently, to extricate himself from some annoyance. As he approached the ship, the struggle continuing and becoming more violent, it was perceived that a fish, about twenty feet long, held him by the jaw, his spoutings, contortions, and throes, all betokening the agony of the huge monster. The whale now threw himself at full length upon the water, with open mouth, his pursuer still hanging to his under jaw, the blood issuing from the wound, and dyeing the sea for a long distance around. But all his flounderings were of no avail. His pertinacious enemy still maintained his hold, and was evidently getting the advantage of him. Much alarm seemed to be felt by the many other whales about. These killers are of a brownish color on the back, and white on the belly, with a long dorsal fin. Such was the turbulence with which they passed, that a good view could not be had of them to make out more nearly the description. These fish attack a whale in the same way that a dog baits a bull, and worry him to death. They are endowed with immense strength, armed with strong, sharp teeth, and generally seize the whale by the lower jaw. It is said the only part they eat of them is the tongue. The swordfish and thrasher have been also seen to attack the whale together, the swordfish driving his tremendous weapon into the belly of the whale from beneath upward, and the thrasher fastened to his back, and giving him terrific blows with his tail. The thrasher not having any power to strike through the water, it has been observed by all who have witnessed these strange combats, that it seems to be the instinctive war policy of the swordfish to make his attack from below, thus causing the whale to rise above the surface, which, under the prick of the cruel sword of his enemy, he has been known to do to a great hight, the unrelenting thrasher meanwhile holding on like a leech, and dealing his blows unsparingly through the air, with all the force of his lengthy frame—sometimes twenty feet. In a statement made by a Kennebec shipmaster in 1818, and sworn to before a justice of the peace in Kennebec county, Maine, it was asserted that the notable sea-serpent and whale are sometimes found in conflict.

At six o'clock in the afternoon of June 21st, on the packet Delia, plying between Boston and Hallowell, when Cape Ann bore west-south-west about two miles, steering north-north-east, Captain Shubal West, and fifteen others on board with him, saw an object directly ahead, which he had no doubt was the sea-serpent, engaged in fighting with a large hump-back whale, that was endeavoring to elude the attack. The serpent threw up his tail from twenty-five to thirty feet in a perpendicular direction, striking the whale by it with tremendous blows, rapidly repeated, which were distinctly heard, and very loud, for two or three minutes. They then both disappeared, moving in a west-south-west direction, but after a few minutes reappeared in shore of the packet, and about under the sun, the reflection of which was so strong as to prevent their seeing so distinctly as at first, when the serpent's fearful blows with his tail were repeated, and as clearly heard as before. They again went down for a short time, and then came up to the surface under the packet's larboard quarter, the whale appearing first and the serpent in pursuit, who was again seen to shoot up his tail as before, which he held out of the water some time, waving it in the air before striking, and at the same time, while his tail remained in this position, he raised his head fifteen or twenty feet, as if taking a view of the surface of the sea. After being seen in this position a few minutes, the serpent and whale again sunk and disappeared, and neither were seen after by any on board. It was Captain West's opinion that the whale was trying to escape, as he spouted but once at a time on coming to the surface, and the last time he appeared, he went down before the serpent came up.

THE AMAZONS.

The history of the Amazons is one of the strangest and most wonderful, even when told in its utmost simplity, because it shows us the gentle sex usurping some of the leading attributes of man.

The Amazons are spoken of in mythology as a nation of female warriors, who lived in a community of their own sex.

According to Justin, the historian, two Scythian princes, wandering from their own country, came to the banks of the river Thermodon, in Cappadocia, a country situated in Asia Minor, and, pleased with the genial aspect of the country, took up their abode and settled there. But the arrival of the new colonists having provoked the jealousy and anger of their neighbors, feuds arose, which, in the course of time, produced a war, and the hardy Scythians fought so desperately, that almost every man amongst them was killed in battle, leaving their wives and daughters to weep over their loss. Strange to say, the grief of these high-spirited women, far from depressing them, as the passion usually does, showed itself in loud and active clamor, by which they incited one another so much, that they at length resolved to revenge their departed kindred, and, taking the field with better success than the men, drove away the victors from their territory.

After this exploit, they elected two rulers, or queens, who had signalized themselves by their incomparable daring and valor during the late engagement; these queens were authorized to command their armies in time of war, and to administer the domestic affairs of the kingdom in time of peace. The capital of this new country was called Themisyra; it was built along the sides of the Thermodon stream, not far from the Euxine sea.

This female community appears to have thriven very well. In the time of Theseus, king of Athens, they were strong enough to invade Attica with a numerous and powerful army, under the command of the intrepid Hyppolita, a beautiful Amazon of very large stature, and amazing strength. The battle which was fought on this occasion between the Amazons and Athenians was painted, says Pausanias, in a portico of one of the temples at Athens.

Aristotle assures us that they used to destroy and cut off the right breast, because it interfered with the free use of their martial weapons. Nothing could exceed the grand proportions of their figures as they bestrode their great battle-horses; the natural harmony of the female form being still preserved, as it became expanded by arduous exercise, combined the symmetry of one sex with the strength of the other.

The Amazons are generally represented in medals and various sculptures, which have been preserved, wearing a short mantle, descending below the knees. They went into the field armed with a shield in the shape of a half-moon, besides bows and arrows, and a short, double-edged battle-axe. Thalestris, one of their queens, we are told by Quintus Curtius, paid a visit to the Macedonian hero, Alexander the Great, when he was passing through Hyrcania, in the year 332, B. C.

A famous Portuguese traveler, who visited Abysinia in the early part of the 16th century, makes mention of a race of Amazons near Lake Domba, who fought with bows and arrows, mounted on bullocks. This tribe likewise destroy the left breast in youth; they live with their husbands, but are governed by a queen. *They look upon the males as the inferior sex, and do not allow them to have anything to do with either war or government.*

BEES, SOCIALLY AND POLITICALLY.

The queen of the hive, born like the queens of earth, no better than her meanest sisterhood, like them, issues from the egg a helpless grub; but the chamber of her birth, as compared with theirs, is of right royal dimensions, vertical in position, and of cylindric, instead of octagonal form. Ample room is thus afforded for all her members, as she progresses towards maturity; while, to hasten and improve her growth, the food supplied her by her assiduous nurses and future subjects, is of the most nutritious and delicate description; not the simple bee-bread, composed of common pollen, and considered good enough for common bee-infancy, but a rare and curious preparation, nicely concocted from flowery juices, and, as reserved expressly for royal nutriment, called by bee-farmers "royal jelly." Thus spaciously lodged and delicately fed, the favored grub, when arrived at full growth, spins within her cell a silken shroud; therein changes to a nymph or pupa; and thence, in due time, issues forth in all her dignity of majestic size, in all the resplendency of her golden-ringed body-suit; the more conspicuous for the scantiness of her gauze drapery—those filmy wings in which alone her outward gifts, instead of surpassing, are inferior to those of her subjects. Come we now to the busy workers, of whom the numerous sisterhood—the million of the hive—is made up. From these the bee character has been always painted justly, as loyal and patriotic, laborious, patient, and skillful, to which might be added, maternally affectionate; for, though never mothers themselves, the latter propensity possesses them so strongly as to convert their office as nurses to the queen's progeny—to all, in short of the infant community—into what would seem truly a labor of love. Although their instinctive virtues (if we may use the term) are so immeasurably expanded beyond the narrow growth of those apparent in their royal mistress, compression is one of the agents employed to effect this mighty difference between them; and the worker bee is, it would seem, made a useful member of the body politic, by a process very similar to that which renders the foot of a Chinese lady a somewhat useless member of her body natural.

The baby bee, destined to become a bee laborer, finds herself, on emerging from the egg, an inhabitant of one of those common six-sided cells, which—as it would appear—is so proportioned as in some measure to limit her growth, and thus prevent her from attaining her full development. To this outward restriction is superadded an inward check, in the quality of food administered by her nurses. In lieu of the royal jelly, that stimulating and nutritious extract prepared only for the queen, her infancy is supported on the simple fare of bee-bread, which, while it suffices to bring to maturity every useful endowment of activity, affords no food for the development of the sensual and vindictive passions; and with all these smothered in the cradle our worker comes forth, mature in all Apian excellence,—modest in habits, a nun among insects, and a very "sister of charity" among her fellows.

THE PRETENSION OF "TASTE."

Taste has frequently an imaginary existence, unconnected with the intellect. It is merely hereditary or acquired, and descends from father to son, with his prejudices and estate. Certain authors are adopted into families. Bunyan has the sacredness of a legacy; the songs of Watts are bound up with earliest days at mothers' knee; and Gray's "Elegy" incloses a domestic interior of warmth and affection in every stanza. There are hymns which have been intoned through the noses of three generations, and will probably reach a tenth, with all the music and endearment of their ancestral twang. In such cases the heart, not the understanding, is the source of interest, and admiration is only a pleasure of memory. Taste is often one of the aspects of fashion. Folly borrows its mask, and walks out with wisdom arm-in-arm. Like virtues of greater dignity, it is assumed. The furniture and decorations of a room are arranged to indicate the serious and graceful sentiments of the occupant. Addison sketched a student of this order, in whose library he found Locke "On the Understanding," with a paper of patches among the leaves, and all the classic authors, in wood, with bright backs. To such readers, a new book of which people talk, is like a new costume which a person of celebrity has introduced. It is the rage. Not to be acquainted with it is to be ill dressed. The pleasure is not of literature, but of vanity. The pretended taste is a polite fraud of society.

WALKS IN TOWN.

We prefer the country a million times over for walking in general, especially if we have the friends in it that enjoy it as well; but there are seasons when the very streets may vie with it. If you have been solitary, for instance, for a long time, it is pleasant to get among your fellow-creatures again, even to be jostled and elbowed. If you live in town, and the weather is showery, you may get out in the intervals of rain, and then a quickly dried pavement and a set of stores are pleasant. Nay, we know days, even in spring, when a street shall outdo the finest aspects of the country; but then it is only when the ladies are abroad, and there happens to be a run of agreeable faces that day. For whether it is fancy or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning you shall meet a succession of good looks, and another encounter none but the reverse. We do not merely speak of handsome faces, but of those which are charming, or otherwise, whatever be the cause. We suppose that the money-takers are all abroad one day, and the heart-takers the other.

FACTS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attract, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife, who should properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul above trifles. Don't trust too much to good temper, when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MEDICAL SCIENCE.

It is urged, and in some instances, we believe, truly, that medical science does not keep pace with other sciences, nor with the intelligence of the age. Yet, upon a careful examination, judging the science as we do others—not by the mal-practice of quacks, who find it easier to hide their ignorance under the medical, than any other equally well established science—but by the theories and practices of those truly entitled to rank as scientific medical men, we shall find the medical profession in the front rank. The human body is better doctored, admitting the ocean of quackery, than the human mind, either by legal, theological, or philosophical science. We have said that quacks find safer cover in the medical profession, but there are plenty of them in other professions. The reason why the medical cover is the safest, is simply because people are willing to swallow putty or poison in pills and tinctures, when they will not swallow them in argument. And it is vastly difficult, when the pill is down, to convict "bolus" of manslaughter. It is intangible, while the lawyer's speech, the parson's sermon, and the philosopher's argument live for future evidence.

The genuine medical man—genuine from his intelligence, experience and conscientiousness—is one of the most beneficent agents of society. No man more than he is devoted to his profession and science, or guards its name with more tenderness and zeal. He plunges into the fever-tainted hospitals, stands by the plague-stricken, hurries from couch to couch at the call of disease, in every form, and snatches, in every leisure hour, at the slightest opportunity to increase his knowledge of the machinery of human life, and his power to alleviate human ill and suffering.

To know what this genuine medical man has done for his science, we need only look among the records of scientific discovery and invention in our age. Look at the perfection to which surgery has arrived. Anatomy has learned the minutest springs of physical being, and their whole complication. An European professor of great eminence, after a practice of forty years, announces that during that period he has spent nearly twenty years in a course of as many thousand experiments, at last determining that electricity in the human body moves triangularly or eccentrically, instead of in circles, as heretofore understood.

Of what good is all this? says one. Why, if for nothing else, to prove that medical men worthy to be called scientific, are everywhere bending their energies to a more and more perfect knowledge of the laws and economy of life. It is only within the century past and passing that the chemist, the anatomist and the prescriptionist have taken hold of the human body, and laid all its secrets bare. Here a little and there a little, from life-long study and experiment, the intelligent system of practice in our day has been attained. All honor, we say, to the medical profession, for its progress and efficiency, wherever and whenever not libeled by the mal-practice of ignorant tinkers at disease. By these latter, leech, lancet and calomel are abused; but leech, lancet and calomel are not at fault, and will never, we doubt not, be shut from perfect medical economy.

MAD FOR A PURPOSE.

The scandal case recently before our courts, involving a private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood, was suggestive for reasons beyond the palpable immorality of the chief parties to it. Not many years ago a clever British novelist, in a romance entitled "Valentine Vox," which many of the Ledger's readers doubtless have perused, set forth in a vivid light a class of institutions said to have existed—if they do not now—in England to a great extent, and known as private mad-houses. Whether or not the author of "Valentine Vox" overwrought the picture, we will not pretend to say, but he certainly created a deal of sensation and some inquiry; and caused it to be a settled fact that private mad-houses were not only common, but that some of the practices for which they were kept were the most atrocious conceivable. If unfilial children or relatives wished to get parents or kindred out of the way, so as to sooner enjoy their fortunes and privileges, they had only to trump up certain medical certificates—easily got for money—and bundle the parties-in-the-way off to a private mad-house. As large pay was required and given to the keepers of these living hells, their proprietors knew better than to quarrel with their interests by letting out their secrets. Persons who had no madness other than a mad tenacity for life, and hence stood in the way of heirs-expectant, found themselves suddenly thrust into a lunatic asylum, where they generally spent the balance of their days. If inquiries were made outside, the inquirers were pacified with an account of the patient's case, and if any one demanded a personal observation it was easy enough to get along with him, for it is notorious that a real lunatic in an asylum dwells very much as a sane person would on the great wrong and injustice of his case. The more vehement the kidnapped, therefore, the more evident his insanity.

We believe that certain exposures extinguished many of these institutions in England, so that at present it is not so easy to get rid of kindred who have made fat wills, and will not die off to please heirs-expectant. But it seems that the seed of a bad social fruit has blown across the Atlantic and rooted in our free soil. Touching the Asylum brought under notice in our courts, the public can judge of its character from the evidence thus elicited. It is certain that the existence of such an institution was news to thousands, but we should judge that if one has found profitable root here, many others may be scattered over our country. And though there be nothing necessarily evil about them, it is quite clear that they could easily be made agents of evil purposes—of revenge, of mercenary desire, and other guilty passions. If they are good and useful, publicity can do them no harm; if bad, the sooner they are exposed the better. We trust that none of them are of the "Valentine Vox" sort.

GIVE THEM WORK!

It is a peculiarity of the best advice, that it is always given when too late. It comes like wisdom to some men—when they are too old to use it. Such are the advices given to the poorer classes of society in times of public distress like the present. Lately, working-men have been abundantly exhorted to practice economy, patience, and other impossible virtues. But now thousands who are out of employment have nothing to be frugal of, and the thousands who have saved a little out of their wages in better times, need scarcely be reminded of duties to themselves, which want compels them to think of and practice daily. To urge poor men in hard times to practice economy, is like the reading of a homily on patience to a person suffering the pangs of toothache—it increases the agony, and adds insult to injury. Instead of lectures, our operatives want work, and instead of advice, they need food and clothing.

With the prospect of a severe winter for the poor before us, our first duty is to advise, not the poor, but the rich, and every one who has the means of giving employment. Economy and niggardly dealing on the part of those who have abundance, will prove to be bad policy. By allowing men to stand idle whom they could employ, they encourage the increase of that despicable race of men whom we have branded with the title of "loafers," and in the end are bound to support those whom they have neglected and ruined. In hard times no employer should curtail (if he can avoid it) his expenses, unless for the purpose of giving employment to a larger number of workmen. There is bread for all; profitable work can be provided for all, so that no person should be compelled to go idle and live on charity, even in hard times, and in the depth of winter.

ABOUT SHUTTING UP WIVES.

The question is much agitated just now as to whether a husband has a right to shut his wife up in a lunatic asylum, or anywhere else, whenever he thinks she needs physical or moral restraint. We take the negative. When a man thinks his wife, for any cause, needs physical or moral restraint, he should make the fact known to her parents, relatives, or friends, or if she has none of these, then to a judge of the Supreme Court, and ask them or him to assist in the determination of her case, after a full and gentle investigation. A loving husband, or even a husband possessing a decent degree of the better traits of our common humanity, would do this, or something equivalent to it, of his own accord; and an exasperated husband, who believes his wife has wronged him, or who is jealous of her, or who hates her for any cause, is the last person in the world who should be permitted to control her actions, and decide upon her moral and mental sanity or insanity. That a husband has rights which are sacred, we of course maintain; but his wife has rights that are equally sacred, and so have her family; and to get at the very kernal of these rights when they become conflicting, and to adjust them with perfect fairness, the fullest and most searching investigation is necessary. No man is competent to take an *impartial* view of his own wrongs, and therefore no man should be permitted to redress his own wrongs in his own way. It is the province of the law, through its constituted officers, to investigate, to judge, to give redress, and to punish. We, therefore, unequivocally condemn the doctrine that a man has a right to incarcerate his wife whenever his anger, his hatred, or his desire for vengeance, shall prompt him to do so, under the pretence of "solicitude for her welfare."

THE LOVERS OF THE PANIC.

The "hard times" are a blessing to the tribe of everlasting borrowers and runners-in-debt with which every community is more or less infested. These shameless creatures will now approach an honest man with a fair show of confidence, and, with their hands thrust deep in their pockets, declare, in a pleasant and semi-proud sort of way, "Well, this has been the hardest day I have *ever* experienced! It is *impossible* to do anything in Wall street. I have paper backed by the best names in the city on which those *sharks* asked me five per cent. a week, but they didn't get it. No, *sir*; I don't stand any such a game as *that*. I shall realise on my paper to-morrow, though—and, by the way, if you'd oblige me with $25 till I," &c., &c. And so they go from one to another, bragging and begging, and enjoying the panic as they have enjoyed nothing else for this many a day. They look forward to the restoration of credit and business to a state of soundness and activity, as a great and dreaded calamity Such an event will leave them once more alone in their glory as borrowers without shame and debtors who never pay.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN."

English history furnishes us with many remarkable illustrations of the maxim which is to serve as our text. For example, Thomas Drew, known by the *sobriquet* of the "Cornish Shoemaker," was twenty-four years of age before he ever learned to read. He was also a married man, with the burden of a family. But he had the "will," and the "way" of knowledge was found—and so he became a celebrated theological writer, and the editor of the "Imperial Magazine," which he conducted with marked ability. And, to mention but one example more, there was John Ogill, the translator of Homer's Illiad, who received no regular education till long after he arrived at manhood. Not till he was forty did he study Latin—soon after which he made his poetical translation of Virgil—and not till he was fifty did he begin to acquire that knowledge of Greek which enabled him to make his successful translation of the Illiad already referred to!

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Two of my books translated into German. It's all very well to talk about the "compliment," and "the honor," and all that sort of thing—that sounds very well—but I'm not going, in these "Panic" times, to thank anybody for putting their fore-finger and thumb into my pocket, and helping themselves, because they make me a graceful bow while they are doing it. Why don't they do the handsome thing by us authors? Yes—why don't we have an international copyright law? I'm getting interested in the subject. Fudge for the "tariff"—fudge for "fillibustering"—and "squatter-sovereignty"—and "sub-treasury"—and "fishing grounds"—and "currency," and such trash—why don't those Congress fellows leave off tossing straws, and right us scribblers?

I have no doubt now that Buchanan takes his three meals a day, and digests them, too, all the same, as if those foreigners hadn't their cribbing paws in our literary pockets, year in and year out. It is the unprincipled principle of the thing—it is the cool impudence of it—it is the idea that what's yours *isn't* yours. That a rasping nutmeg-grater can be secured by a patent, and a rasping book can't.

I won't stand it.

I'll take a hat, and go round and collect the "ayes" and "no-es." I'll draw up a petition, and get more signatures to it than I ever had enemies, and that's pledging myself for considerable. I'll go to Washington—I'll bother Buchanan within an inch of his bachelor life—I'll be a perfect incubus—I'll waylay him in the Capitol—I'll waylay him in the White-House, and I'll beset him in his "Kitchen Cabinet," as they call it. The widow who wearied out the judge shall be a fool to me. I'll not only "continually come," but I'll never go. I'll be a standing rebuke and an everlasting reproach to those pussy-cat male authors, who sit still to have their literary faces slapped. I solemnly declare that, from this day, I will never shake hands with another man who will not swear on his cigar-case to make Washington too hot for any President who won't bestir himself in this matter. And you needn't think that it is all because I take a narrow-little-contracted-Bostonian-look-out-for-number-one-view of this matter. I'm prospectively considering future female-authors "long since unborn," who will profit by it, and hand my honored name down to their blessed grandfathers and grandmothers.

But softly—women never get anything by clamoring for it—I'll be 'umble—I'll be wily—I'll turn petticoat diplomatist—I'll get acquainted with all the "Members"—(It will hurt me to do it,) but I'll even smile sweetly at the South! I'll shake velvet hands, and exchange velvet words with every point of the compass. "Hard Shells" and "Soft Shells" shall be alike to me. "Democrats" and "Republicans," "Know-Nothings" and "foreigners"—I'll embrace them all in my india-rubber affections.

If anything *could* tie my tongue on this subject, I'll tell you what it would be—it is a short word, but full of meaning:

Dickens!

Think how abominably and inextricably we Americans are in his debt; not to mention other good literary fellows, male and female. Think how many hearth-stones he has gladdened, how many sinking hearts he has cheered;—how the universal voice of humanity sends every day, across the sea after him, the heart-felt God bless you! Shame that he has had from us nothing more substantial!

It is all very well to say—Oh, he is well enough off pecuniarily; authors shouldn't be mercenary. Just as well might you refuse to pay your landlord his rent, because he owned other houses than the one he allowed you to live in. Justice—my friends—justice; and three cheers for Lord Napier, who is pledged for us authors. Does his lordship want statistics? I am ready to toss into his lap eleven English editions of Fern books, and not a pound to show for it,—though I should like very well to give his countrymen a pound! If he has the feelings of a husband, of a father, of a lord, and of what is more, a *man*—let him use his British pocket-handkerchief at this filching of Fern Leaves from "the May-flower."

I ask the noble lord to consider the pens I've worn out, the ink I've consumed, the foolscap I've wasted, and the tears that have blistered it—and I ask him—Lord Napier,—whose title I snap my republican fingers at, and whose lovely little boys I should like to kiss—if he can look me—Fanny—in the eye, without winking, and say that I've not fairly earned for myself, and my descendants, that quit-claim from future pen and ink—which John Bull ought to sign with a bag of sovereigns, this day, A. D., 1857? and, what's more, I should like, with Mr. Fern's permission, or without it, as the case may be, to hold him—Lord Napier—by the official button till he sees that I get it.

Fanny Fern.

THE ANONYMOUS SLANDERER.

A young lady of estimable character, who had for some months been teaching the school in the Townley District, was, not long ago, discharged by the trustees on account of accusations against her virtue contained in an anonymous letter received by one of their number. It has since been discovered that the charges were utterly false, but the poor girl's reputation will probably never be entirely purged of the stains which were thus so cowardly and villainously cast upon it.—*Sommerville Reporter*.

Of all the bad actions into which the evil passions of humanity are led, perhaps there is none more base than that of writing an anonymous letter for the purpose of blasting the reputation of an innocent girl! It is a lie without an author—a moral assassination committed by a masked murderer—the mean-spirited act of the disreputable coward in whose heart gall has replaced wholesome blood, and whose malice, jealousy and revenge vent themselves in slander. One had better trust his purse with a thief, or take a serpent in his hand, or a liar to his heart, than hold communion of love, friendship or interest with the despicable writer of an anonymous and calumniating letter.

SWINDLING THE POOR.

A respectable-looking man informs us that in his eagerness to procure work, he applied to a certain "Intelligence Office" in response to the following advertisement:—

WANTED.—A PORTER AND MAN TO DRIVE A CART for a wholesale carpet store. Wages, $8 a week each. Constant employment to industrious men. Apply, with recommendations, at—&c., &c.

On making his wishes known to the "Intelligence" man, he was required to make a cash deposit in order to secure a "valuable situation." He made the deposit, but did not secure any situation whatever. The whole thing was a swindle. Such sharks as this "Intelligence Office" keeper and his fellows are, should be avoided by all honest laborers, and by everybody else, except police officers. Look out for them!

A HISTORICAL LESSON.

One of the leading aims of the Ledger is known to be usefulness in the circles of the thousands of families where it finds its way. This purpose, of whose appreciation we have the most substantial and tangible proofs, frequently prompts us to give admonitions to the young on various subjects which peculiarly concern them. Foremost among these we have been wont to present considerations of the beauty and value of truthfulness of character. And just now there rises up before us two incidents of history, which will serve our purpose well, as contrasting prevarication with frankness, or, in other words, that *openness of bearing* ever so jewel-like in young people!

It was the custom among the Romans to restore the sons of the sovereigns they subdued to their fathers' thrones, when found worthy to occupy them. So Trajan had determined to put a son of Decebalus, King of the Dacians, in his father's stead, making him, of course, his vassal, according to the usage of the age. But, being made aware, one afternoon, that the boy had broken into a garden after school hours, he testingly inquired where he had been "*all the afternoon*." The answer was, "*I have been in school*." No persuasion could induce Trajan to carry out his original purpose towards the youth. His inexorable answer, to Dacians and Romans alike, who interceded, was that "one, who so early began to prevaricate, could never deserve a crown!"

How in contrast with the foregoing is the other incident we have in view. It is told of the Duke of Ossuna, who, having got leave of the King of Spain to release some galley slaves, went on board the galley for the purpose. On his asking them, by turns, for what offence they had been condemned to the oars, they all assigned some such cause as malice, bribery of the judge, &c., except one sturdy and open-faced fellow, who promptly owned that he "wanted money, was tempted to rob to keep himself from starving, but was fairly tried and justly condemned." "Then, *you rogue*," exclaimed the Duke, giving him a tap or two with his stick, "get you out of the company of these *honest* men!" He was rewarded for his frankness with his liberty, while his fellow-slaves were kept tugging at the oars! Youths! remember that lesson!

THE SWARTH HAND.

The swarth hand of labor—what has it done? Delved and plodded, hewn wood and stone, and drawn water, it may be. Yes, it has done all this, and most patiently and bravely borne the burthens and the battle weapons of nations. Sweat and blood have trickled from its brow in innumerable toils and conflicts; it has gathered spoils and won victories, seldom to enjoy them. It has been scoffed in the temples by priests, and in palaces by kings, and all the armaments and commerce of ocean, and the trade-marts of earth, have denied it, though to it they owed their beauty, strength, wealth and glory.

That swarth hand ought long since to have been jeweled; it should, ages agone, have swayed the rod of power, and been the ruler of the earth. It might and would, had it been true to its merit and strength, and not directed, by the will of taskmen, to selfish and slavish toil. Had its owner felt that the earth was truly the empire of him who tilled it, and wrought its wondrous stores into palaces and temples, and pleasant fields, the swarth hand would have held to its creations, and demanded the scepter of its rightful empire. Yet, if the past be fruitful of bitter memories, there is a present and a future, in which the errors of the past can be righted.

But the hand of labor is not recordless in the ages. The palaces of Assyria, the pyramids of Egypt, the temples of Greece—aye, and whatever of material pile, column, or trophy survives decay and devastation, is the monument of that miserably requited hand. Continents born of wildernesses—hamlets and cities, fleets and fortresses—all, indeed, that art can boast or civilization delight in, owe allegiance to the swarth hand of labor. Truest hand of nobility on God's fair earth! Let the heart that beats behind it be not cast down. Power and dominion are before it, if it will but bravely strike for the sovereignty which is its natural right.

COMPLAINING HUSBANDS.

Mr. Reader, have you a good, faithful, industrious, honest wife? Do you answer "yes?" It is a credit to you, if you do.

"I cannot help feeling prejudiced against men who speak ill of their wives, and in favor of such as praise theirs," said a lady to us, one day, with great earnestness. The habit of inference thus indicated, may be condemned as too sweeping and indiscriminating. Grant that it is. Yet there was force in the remark; and, as a general rule, good husbands seldom speak decryingly of their domestic companions. It is a habit which is too cowardly and mean for their indulgence. They despise and scorn it!

And yet many persons who pass for "men," are constantly grumbling about their wives in the presence of their associates. They would fain make them believe that they are the worst-abused husbands in the world—regularly martyrized—while the very reverse, perhaps, is the truth, albeit their perverted perceptions will not allow them to see it!

Not so should you deport yourself, Mr. Reader. If you have a wife, cherish her. Woman needs sympathy. It will draw out of her, and mold aright for your own happiness, qualities which no force work, no denunciation, no growling, no threats will ever generate. A just view of enlightened selfishness should teach you to avoid all these, as poisonous to your own happiness, while unjust to your wife. Far wiser would it be, as well as far more magnanimous, to cherish her!

SAYERS AND DOERS.

The world is made up of two classes of people, practically considered, the sayers and doers. The one class are all words—"voice and nothing more." The other class are always *doing* something. They have faith in acts and deeds, and show their faith by their works, without which, they know well, all faith is dead, as enunciated by the Bible.

For the encouragement of those who aspire to be *doers*, let us point to a single anecdote of architectural art, which will be found in Grecian history: A palace was to be built. Proposals were asked for. A number of architects responded with plans. All of them commenced "blowing" about the superiority of their designs, but one. Being asked what *he* had to say, "*Nothing*" was the laconic answer; "what they *say* I will DO!"

Such was the confidence in his skill, which this reply inspired, in contrast with the bearing of the braggarts who were competing with him, that the job was unhesitatingly given to him! We need not stop to inquire after the sequel. His plan was, of course, successful, as the plans of the *doers* generally are in all the transactions of life, though they may be called upon to act their parts, in the great drama of Humanity, amid the severest trials.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Reformers are sometimes the truest conservatives, while the real revolutionists are the corruptionists, who, by opposing quiet, compel violent change. When men of this latter class, whose long misrule and denial of justice have influenced the public mind, charge the reformers with throwing the country into a blaze, thus accusing the extinguisher of being the firebrand, one is reminded of the incendiary, who, to avoid detection, turned and collared the foreman of the engine, exclaiming, "Ha, fellow! have I caught you? This is the rascal who is first and foremost at every fire! Seize him! seize him!"

Of reviewers it may with truth be said that those are most disposed to depreciate others who have done nothing themselves. Such critics contemplate a book as a carpenter views a tree—not to admire its beauty or its majesty, but merely to calculate how he may best turn it to account by *cutting it up*. They are severe upon a production because they find it much more easy and pleasant not to like than to do the like. They are like Othello, not merely for their black looks but because they would smother the innocent in their own sheets.

"Carnivorous animals," said a collegian to a clergyman, "are always provided with claws and talons to seize their prey; hoofed animals are invariably graminivorous. Is it then consistent with the analogies of nature to describe the devil, when he goes about seeking whom he may devour, as having a cloven foot?" "Yes," replied the divine, "for we are told by Scripture that all flesh is grass."

Rights and constitutional improvements are generally the results of a struggle, for no wrong makes a voluntary surrender. Tyranny and abuse never imitate a well-bred dog, who walks quietly down stairs when he sees preparations for kicking him down. They wait for the actual application of the foot, and generally get kicked twice as far as was at first intended.

Pleasant enough but wrong was the reply of the little urchin who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go to who are wicked enough to play marbles on Sunday?" replied, very innocently, "Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

A scientific gentleman was recently descanting upon the physical improvement of the human race. "Do you suppose," said a friend, "that you are a finer looking specimen than Adam was?" "Certainly." "Well, the Bible tells us that Adam was made in God's own image, and I should like to know what better image you think you are made in yourself."

An editor, who tries always to be funny, and succeeds once in a while, calls us "a strange bird," and says he doesn't exactly know "what species" we belong to. We are quite as much at a loss in classifying *him*. He has the gait of a duck, the face of an owl, the voice of a guinea hen, the odor of a buzzard, and the morals of a chicken-hawk.

Fashionable religion consists in going to church;—making devotion a matter of public form between man and man instead of silent communion between the heart and its Creator;—worshiping the type instead of the archetype;—being *visibly* devout—that is, devout when anybody *sees* you.

Retorts are generally considered legitimate even when most severe, yet we have heard of some that only the occasion could justify. A gentleman, questioned by a squinting man concerning his broken leg, replied, "It is quite crooked—as you *see*."

A writer of the last age complained that the politicians of his time regarded first themselves and then the commonwealth. Our politicians are not of the same character. They regard first themselves, and then—what God made the world out of.

A person, recently, started a magazine among us, under the name of The Titan,—got out one number, took to hard drink, and disappeared. If the work shall ever be recommenced, let it be as "The Titan, edited by the The Tight 'un."

A rather unpromising specimen of humanity recently brought us a letter of introduction from a Mr. Beans. We reluctantly had to confess that we didn't know Beans.

It is considered a very bad thing to be hollow-hearted, but, if the old Charter Oak had not been so, he could not have had the deathless honor of bearing in his bosom the charter of freedom.

Some people can't bear to be of the same way of thinking with anybody else. We shouldn't be surprised if the reason why Saturn ate his own children was that he thought they would agree with him.

The most smiling and placid countenance oftentimes masks the most dangerous temper. The most terrible thunderbolt we ever saw was shot from a cloud arched by a beautiful rainbow.

Some people seem as if they can never have been children, and others seem as if they could never be anything else.

A book, entitled "Autumn Leaves," has just been published by a favorite author. We trust that, like other autumn leaves, it will be *read*.

One of the political newspapers boasts that a Mr. Rhul has changed his politics. We suppose Mr. Rhul thinks it is a bad rule that will not work both ways.

The doctors ought surely to be able to escape calumny. It is held that no man *living* should speak ill of them, and the dead *can't*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A farmer named Mitchell, living in Alleghany county, in this State, heard a loud squealing among his hogs a few days ago, and on going to see what was the matter, he found one of the pigs struggling in the coils of a huge snake, that was fast crushing his life out. Mr. Mitchell at once attacked the reptile with a pitchfork he had in his hand, and succeeded in pinning his head fast to the earth, where he held him until he was quite dead. The snake was nine feet and eleven inches in length.

Not long since, in the province of Goyaz, Brazil, a Spanish gentleman missed his favorite riding horse, when the herd was brought from pasture. On searching for him, through a gorge in the hills, he came suddenly upon a huge anaconda, in a torpid and distended state; and on killing and cutting open the monster, he found withim him the crushed and partially digested remains of his gallant steed. The anaconda was thirty-seven feet long.

Some of the "laboring people"—(do we not all *labor* at something?)—have been incited by demagogues to get up an agitation in this city with a view to the repetition of the riots of 1837, but the "movement" does not move very vigorously. The more intelligent portion of the laboring people know too much now-a-days to be deluded by demagogues, and are too honest and high-minded to engage in lawless riots.

The wages of their employees are being reduced by railroad, omnibus, and steamship companies and proprietors in every direction. Some men rashly think that even members of Congress will reduce *their* wages, in case the hard times hold on until the next session of that august body.

A poor woman in Brooklyn, who had been forced out to beg in order to save her children from starvation, found a purse with several dollars in specie in it, which she took to a station-house and deposited it for the benefit of the owner. Such honesty should be rewarded on earth.

A man named William Daily, accused of robbery, was recently on board a train of cars on the Great Western Railroad, and seeing two officers pass into the car where he was, became so alarmed that he jumped from the car while the train was in motion, and was instantly killed.

A Mr. Henry Wilbur, of the town of Rangely, in the State of Maine, a short time since went into the room where his son was lying ill of a fever, and deliberately shot him dead.

In Philadelphia an ordinance has been passed requiring the sale of fruit and vegetables by weight. That is the way all articles of food should be sold, including even eggs.

The price of sugar is going down—down—down, and so is that of molasses; wherefore the lovers of "buckwheat cakes with syrup" may rejoice.

It is said that there is no currency but specie in Arkansas, that State not permitting the organization of banks within its limits.

A woman of bad reputation from New York, known as "Kate," was recently found floating in the harbor of Havana (Cuba), with her throat cut from ear to ear.

Rents and the price of real estate are rapidly falling throughout the country, especially in the high-pressure cities of the West.

An Indian named Pedro lately died at Santa Cruz, California, aged 130 years.

MAPLE AT AUTUMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Burning, yet not consum'd." Oh, wondrous tree!
Hath Frost thy veins with fires of fever fed?
Or Hectic mark'd thee for its ministry?
The blood of martyrdom is on thy head,

And mournful garb, methinks, might fit thee best;
Yet dost thou choose to flaunt in rich array,
More than when Spring thy budding beauties drest,
Or all thy pamper'd leaves at Summer's day,

Each with a pearl-drop hoarded daintily,
Did to the idle breeze exulting boast
Its wealth would last forever.—Gorgeous Tree!
Proud of thy beauty and the admiring host,

Lo! Winter's poverty is at the door,
While thou dost lavish charms that may return no more.

October 25th, 1857.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BARTER FOR A LIFE!

When Philip came to his senses he found himself upon his back, with his arms lashed firmly to his sides, and his legs bound at the knees. It was broad daylight, but he was beneath the shade of a tree, and lying upon the grass. His head ached severely, and there was intense pain in his limbs, but when he had become able to think more clearly, he knew that the pain in his limbs came from the lashings upon them. He tried to break them, but they would not yield. It was at this juncture that he began to think where he was. Had he been dragged from the fort? Had the garrison been captured during the night? Stop! He went out upon a mission, and others went with him. He went for Isabel.

Ah! the truth burst upon him. He remembered the meeting with Isabel—the passage through the wood—the conference in the little ravine upon the edge of his farm—the wild howl of the savages—the fleeing of Isabel's frightened horse—his own start in pursuit—the falling of his beast—the blow upon the head—the last sensation as he sank down with the new sunlight bursting upon him! He remembered it all. Was Isabel a prisoner? He could not tell. He hoped not; and he had ground for his hope, for he had seen her far away from the foe, fleeing like the wind.

As soon as the youth had called all this to mind, he turned his head to gaze about him. He looked first to the right, and saw a dense thicket of wildwood, with huge trees towering above it. He was upon the point of turning to the left, when the sound of voices fell upon his ear. They were savage voices, and they spoke the Mohawk language. Philip knew the tongue very well, having spent much of his leisure time, for many years, in learning it of friendly Indians. They were not far from him, and had not yet discovered that he had come to himself, for they would not have spoken as they did had they known it.

"No. He must not die yet," said one, in a decided, and somewhat authoritative tone. "English promise us much plunder, but we find none. White man's scalp good, but white man's money better."

"Good!" grunted a second. "But where is white man's money?"

"You know old man—in Sir John's camp—name Bradbrook?" asked the first speaker.

"Yes," returned three or four voices in concert.

"Well—he got money, and he give it for prisoner."

"How you know that?"

"He said so. He sent men into our wigwams to tell us so."

"Then we keep him," was the response from half a dozen voices.

"Eh—He's moved!"

As one of the savages thus spoke, Philip heard a sound as of men leaping to their feet, and in a few moments more a number of dusky faces were peering down upon him.

"Has white man found his reason?" asked one, who seemed to be the chief of the party.

"Yes," groaned the youth. "Oh! loosen these bonds!"

"They hurt, eh?"

"Yes. Very much."

The red men conferred together a moment, and then two of them knelt down, and unbound the cords that confined the legs and arms of the prisoner. They then bade him to arise, and when he had gained his feet, he staggered like a drunken man. His head seemed ready to split open with pain, and his eyes were weak and tremulous.

"Red men," he said, as soon as he could command his speech, "I am your prisoner, but I hope you will not be cruel. My head is very painful. Have you not a medicine man who can give me some herb that will make me better?"

Again the Indians conferred together, and presently two of them went off into the deep wood. The youth was permitted to sit down upon a log, while his captors moved off a short distance, and regarded him in silence. In the course of some fifteen minutes, the two who had gone returned, and in their hands they bore some green herbs. Some of these were pounded up and bound upon Philip's head where the blow had fallen, and the rest was made into a drink, which he grasped eagerly, for his lips and tongue were parched with thirst. He drank the potion off without fear, and though it had a bitter, pungent taste, yet it was not unpleasant. In half an hour he felt a drowsy sensation coming over him, and slipping off the log, he lay down upon the grass, and was soon asleep.

When he awoke again it was dark. He moved over upon his side, and as he did so, the low grunt of an Indian fell upon his ear. He raised himself to a sitting position, and found that four of the savages were watching him. The moon was up in the west, so he knew it must be early in the night, for the bright crescent set at ten.

"Will you give me water?" the prisoner asked.

One of the Indians arose from the ground and went away, and when he returned he bore a wooden bowl in his hand. Philip took it, and found it full of pure, cold spring water. He drank it off, and as he lay back upon his grassy bed, he could feel that the pain had left his body. His head felt sore, but there was no pain within the brow, save a throbbing sensation in the temples, which kept time to the beating of his heart. Under the influence of the copious draught, the pores of the skin were opened, and as the perspiration began to start forth, he felt chilly. He asked for a blanket.

One of the savages felt of his hands and face, and said, "*Ugh!* good!" and then went and brought a padded quilt, or coverlet, which Philip at once recognized as one which must have been taken from his house. However, he was glad enough to get it now, and having wound it about him, he lay down once more, and was soon asleep.

The prisoner did not awake again until morning. The sun was up when he opened his eyes, and the Indians were close by, engaged in an earnest conversation, but which was stopped, however, as soon as they saw him moving. In a few moments two of the savages came forward, and one of them had a set of English irons—handcuffs and shackles for the ankles.

"These white man's things," remarked he who had them. "They no hurt like the tight thong. Hold up your feet."

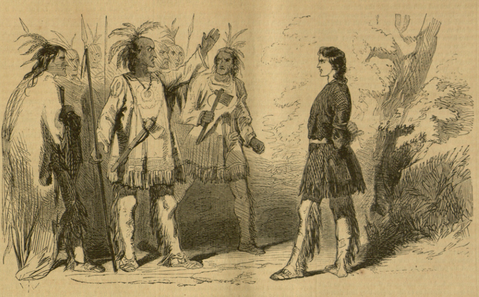
Philip suffered the irons to be put upon his ankles without a word; but when he found that they were going to secure his hands behind him, he did not like it. He told them they could just as well let his hands be before him.

"Ah, Yankee, you no get away if we put your hands at your back."

"But how can I get away with my hands before me, if they are ironed?"

"Ah, Yankee Rebel, he very funny. He do things very strange. No, no—me no trust him so."

As the fellow spoke he made a motion to his companion, and the prisoner's hands were carried around his neck, and there the handcuffs were put on. Philip made no resistance, and when he felt the band upon his wrists, he kept very still, and spread his hands out as much as he could, for he felt sure he could slip the irons off. His wrists were large and muscular, and his hand of a symmetrical, tapering form.


READY FOR THE SACRIFICE.

When the youth had been thus ironed, he was left to sit upon the log where he had sat before, and he now had time to look about him. The sun was not yet high enough to shine over the treetops, though its beams entered the place before him through the leafy openings. He counted twenty Indians, who sat together a short distance off, engaged in eating. They had been cooking some meat by a fire which was now smouldering in its embers, and they also had bread made of pounded corn. But these were not all the gang. There had been more on the previous night. Our hero examined the faces of such as he could see, to determine whether he had ever seen them before; but they were all strangers, yet he knew them to be Mohawks.

By-and-bye one of the Indians brought the prisoner a piece of bread and a slice of meat, which he eat with a keen relish. They asked him if he wanted more, and upon his replying in the affirmative, they brought him the same as before. After he had eaten this, he turned to one of the Indians, who stood close by him, and asked—

"What are you going to do with me?"

"No, no," returned the savage, with a shake of the head.

"But you know why I am kept a prisoner."

"Me know you killed two of my people," said the red man, significantly.

"But that was in self-defence. I was first attacked. My own life was threatened."

"Ugh! We s'pose so."

"Surely you do not hold revenge against me for that?"

"O—me no care. Kill 'um all if you can. Kill Big Mountain Ash, and then I be chief."

"Are you next to your chief?"

"No."

"Then how would you be chief if the Big Mountain Ash were killed?"

"Ugh! S'pose me kill him brother!"

Philip gazed into the face of the savage, and from the expression which he detected there, he was sure the fellow was only trifling with him. But he could have asked no more questions had he desired, for at that moment the sound of coming steps was heard, and very soon a dozen more savages made their appearance. And they came not alone: With them were two white men—Nathan Bradbrook and his son.

The Tories had advanced to the open space where the Indians had camped without knowing that the prisoner was there, or, at least, their behavior would seem to so imply, as they stopped suddenly upon seeing the youth, and appeared quite disturbed. However, they put a bold face upon the matter, and turned their faces the other way.

It was at this moment, for the first time, that Philip Lancey fully realized the terrible danger to which he was made subject. There had been a hope in his bosom that the red men might be bought off with money. And yet he had known that his captors meant to appeal to Bradbrook; but he had not known all the circumstances against him. He had not held his reason long, and much of the thought he had been able to employ had been devoted to Isabel. He was upon the point of asking concerning her fate, when the new-comers made their appearance.

For some minutes the two Tories conversed earnestly with the chief of the party, and then they arose—the two Bradbrooks and the chief—and went into the bushes, or through them, at all events, passing from the prisoner's sight.

As soon as the chief was gone, one of the Indians who had just come in, and who was a huge, powerful fellow, came towards Philip, swinging something around his head—something that looked like a long roll of shaggy fir. As he came near to the log, he held the object up before the prisoner's eyes, and the poor youth uttered a quick cry of anguish, and turned pale and sick at heart.

There were five human scalps run upon a leathern thong—fresh and gory—one of them being covered with hair which fell in bright, yellow ringlets, and which Philip recognized as having been upon the head of one of the soldiers who had accompanied him!

"Look!" said the savage, shaking the horrid trophies in the prisoner's face.

The youth did look; and as the sickening sensation passed away, he felt as though he could have slain the whole gang, had he been free and armed.

"Go hide your infernal work!" he cried, unable to contain himself. "Is it not enough that you rob and butcher at the beck of Englishmen, without thus seeking to wreak a bloody vengeance upon the poor, helpless bodies of those whom you have killed?"

"Ugh! Put one more on here, mebbe!" returned the savage, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a horrid contortion of the face. "Put on nice one—make just six—half-dozen, you call him. One more—ugh!" And, with another shrug of the broad shoulders, and another abominably horrific working of the ugly face, the red savage walked away.

He had been gone but a short time when the two Tories and the chieftain returned to the opening, and Guy Bradbrook advanced to where Philip Lancey sat. The young Tory came to within a couple of yards, and there stopped, and folded his arms upon his breast. It was a trying moment to the unfortunate Patriot. He returned the bad man's gaze a full minute ere a word was spoken.

"You came and took Isabel Carlton from me, did you?" Guy finally said, in a hot, hissing tone.

But Philip made no reply. He had resolved not to speak, if he could help it. Nor did he look up, for he could not bear the sight.

"You did it very finely, didn't you?" resumed Guy.

Still no answer.

"Did you hope to enjoy her yourself? Did you hope to revel in her shame?"

Philip started, and his solid frame quivered. He cast a withering glance up into the villain's face, but he held his tongue in subjection.

"But she is saved from your foul pollution," Guy added.

Philip gazed up again, and while a shade of utter loathing rested upon his face, he said, in a bitter, withering tone—

"You are talking to a man who is bound hand and foot—who is as helpless as a child! You show your courage well."

Guy Bradbrook clenched his fist, and he would have struck Philip in the face, had not the Indian who had been on guard over the prisoner, and who sat on the same log with him, quickly interposed.

"Cowards strike like that!" the red man said, as he caught Guy's wrist in his powerful grasp.

What Guy might have done next it is impossible to tell, for his father called to him at that moment, and with a mad jerk he pulled his hand away from the Indian, and then turned towards his parent,

In a little while both father and son shook hands with the chief, and moved away from the place. Guy turned towards the prisoner as he passed the log, and, with a look of fiendish exultation, he said—

"Good bye, Philip Lancey. If you see that chap what has a hoof on one foot, and horns on his head, and a spear-head on the end of his tail, tell him you did as well as you could while you staid here! Good bye!"

There was more meaning in this speech than mere malice could suggest, and the terrible truth conveyed overcame all thoughts of him who spoke it. Philip watched them until they had become lost amid the dense foliage, and then he bowed his head. His reflections were painful enough, for he felt sure that a horrible death awaited him.

The chief returned, and as he passed the log, the Indian who sat upon it spoke in the Mohawk tongue—a tongue which they felt sure their prisoner knew nothing of:

"What will they do?"

"O—very well. Pay much money."

"Have they paid it?"

"Only part. Pay the rest when *they have the top of their enemy's head!*"

"When will they have it?"

"Maybe to-morrow."

"Ugh!" grunted he upon the log, with a sidelong glance at the prisoner.

The chief walked on, and Philip Lancey turned away his head to hide the momentary emotion he could not keep down.

The day passed away, but no sign was made of any movement towards the youth's life. Perhaps they meant to do the work quietly—to kill him while he slept.

Aye—that must be the plan. That they meant to take his life Philip was fully assured; and that Nathan Bradbrook had bargained for his scalp he also felt sure! The old Tory had much at stake—much for himself, and much for his son. Sixty thousand dollars in the scale with hatred, fear, ill-will and revenge, and upon the other end of the beam the poor life of an enemy and rival! Oh! what room for doubt?—what need of pondering? The die was cast—the hour had come—Bradbrook was forcing the game with a sure, safe hand.

Evening came, and the glances of the savages were furtive and ominous. Philip had assured himself that he could easily slip his hands through the iron wrist-bands, and he hoped that, did he live into the night, he might work off his feet-irons, as he would have the bar of the handcuffs for a wrench.

The dark mantle of night had settled o'er the deep forest, but Philip Lancey would not sleep!

CHAPTER XVII.

A DOUBLE MEETING IN THE FOREST.

The night crept on, and yet none of the Indians lay down to sleep, but the prisoner could see, through the gloom, that they watched him narrowly. Finally—it must have been near ten o'clock—the chief came up and asked him if he was not sleepy.

"Not quite yet," returned Philip. "But I probably shall be before a great while. I have been thinking."

"Think, eh? What you think?"

"I was wondering what you could have against me."

"Ugh! Why should Indian care for you?"

"Because I have always cared for the Indian. For many years I have known the Mohawks, and they have slept beneath my roof, and broken bread with me. I have been their friend, and never did them harm."

"Ugh! No harm to kill two of my people, eh? Better sleep. Sleep do you good. You need it." And thus speaking the chief strode away without giving the youth any opportunity for a reply.

There was a short consultation among the red men after their leader rejoined them, and presently all but three of them spread their blankets upon the grass and lay down. The three who remained up were left to guard the prisoner.

Philip knew very well what this meant. He knew the savages had not lain down to sleep, but only to deceive him. Now, if ever, was the time to try his fortune. Without noise he slipped the irons from his hands, and then moved his feet behind a clump of tall grass which grew by the log. Then he worked his right hand around, keeping his body in a position to hide it, the three Indians being upon his left.

The irons were of the common kind used on board vessels of war, and in the army. An iron in the shape of the letter U, with a transverse hole through each of the upper ends, was slipped over each wrist, and then a bar run through these holes, thus securing them upon the limbs like a yoke upon a pair of oxen. One end of this bar had a beaten head, while the other end was prepared with a hole half an inch long, and not over an eighth of an inch wide, into which a wedge-like key of soft iron was slipped, and the smaller end twisted just half way around, thus securing it in its place. These irons were of different sizes, to suit different-sized wrists, and the feet-irons just the same, only, of course, larger, as well as stouter.

Philip had noticed a crack in the end of the log upon which he sat, and without much difficulty he succeeded in finding it, and jamming the end of the key of his hand-irons into it. In this way he straightened the key so that he could pull it out, and then he removed the bows from the bar. With this bar he could of course easily turn the key of the foot-irons, the slit in the end just fitting over the twisted end of it. Carefully he reached down, and finally succeeded in slipping the perforated bar over the key-wedge. He turned the twist out of it, and after this it was easily removed.

At this point one of the guard got up and came towards him. With a quick movement the prisoner slipped his hands behind him, and as the Indian came up he gave a sleepy yawn.

"Will you throw that quilt over me? I want to sleep," said Philip.

The savage took up the quilt, which lay across the log, and as the youth slipped down on to the grass, with his hands still behind him, the covering was thrown over him.

"There. Now sleep," grunted the red man.

"Good night," said Philip.

"Good night," responded the other; and, as he turned away, Philip heard him add, in his own tongue,—"It'll be the big night to you!—the night that never'll be day!"

As soon as the fellow had resumed his seat the youth worked his hands around under the quilt, and noiselessly slipped the irons from his feet, the key having been pulled out before.

Philip Lancey was now free from bonds, and he moreover knew exactly where he was. He had been in that same opening many times, it being upon the extreme western edge of his father's land, and about a mile and a half from the spot where his house had stood. Not far distant—not over a quarter of a mile—was a place which, could he but reach it, would insure his safety, for the present, at least. It was a narrow gorge, between two small ledges of rock, and so shut in by dense wildwood that no mortal eye could penetrate it. Jocko had found it while chasing a runaway sheep, and had at once pointed it out to his young master as an excellent place of refuge in case of attack by Indians. They had cut out a circuitous path to it, which could be traveled only in a crawling position, the tangled vines and brushwood growing over it so as to make it a complete covered way.

Our hero carefully calculated his position, and the course he must take, and then he began to prepare for departure. He worked his way as near to the end of the log as he could, and then raised his head so that he could see the savages. He was just in season to see the chief sitting up and conversing with one or more of his companions. There was no time to be lost. The three men who had been set to watch him had all lain down, and they were not looking towards him. With a few dry twigs that lay about him the youth formed a sort of frame work which would keep the coverlet raised to its then present position after he had left it. He arranged them carefully, and when he was sure they would sustain the weight of the quilt, he commenced to work his way out.

Philip's head was nearly on a line with the end of the log, so that, as he crawled from his covering he could glide at once behind it. The quilt retained its shape as his body left, still looking as though the prisoner was beneath it, and he fairly gained the opposite side of the log without having alarmed an Indian. The excitement attendant upon the effort had done much to unnerve his already weakened system, but he did not stop long to rest or consider. Within two yards of him the underbrush was sparce and open, and he believed he could make his way through it without noise. He started forward, gliding carefully along upon his hands and knees, with the stout, heavy bar of his feet-irons retained for a weapon. He had no opportunity to gain anything better.

The prisoner reached the edge of the thicket, and picked his way along for some distance without noise of any kind. He felt his path out with his hands, removing all dry twigs which he could not creep noiselessly over. In this manner he crept some twenty yards, and then he thought it safe to take to his feet. The ground here was clear of underbrush, and he knew he should have a good running chance until he reached the lower land nearly half a mile distant. He bent his ear one moment in a listening attitude, and then started. He had taken a dozen steps when a sudden howl of rage and disappointment from the savages announced that his absence was discovered. It was now a race for life, and the youth forgot that he had been sick or weak.

The yells of the Indians increased in volume, and Philip could easily detect that most of them were upon his trail, but yet he felt sure of escape. He had some rods the start, and he knew the ground well. On he went, passing between the giant trees, the trunks of which were perceptible as he came close to them. Of course he could not run swiftly, for it was very dark in the deep wood, but yet he glided along at a pace which kept the distance good between himself and his pursuers.

At length he reached a point where a huge tree had been felled across a small opening, and having passed this he felt his way through a dense thicket of birch, and soon reached the path he and Jocko had formed. It was grown up with weeds and bushes, but still he entered it, and crept on the winding, dubious way, until he finally emerged into a cavern-like opening between two ledges of rock, to which there was no known manner of entrance, save the one he had embraced. Here Philip sat down to rest, for as soon as he had opportunity to turn his thoughts from the life-race, he realized how fatigued he was. The Indians were howling in all directions, but the youth had no fear of their finding their way to his retreat. They might enter the very path by which he had come—they might even be led half its length—and yet they could not keep on to the glen, for at every point where the true path made a turn, a false way had been cut on in a direct line, while the former was concealed at the angle by a few bushes which had been left standing.

For half an hour Philip sat and listened to the mad howling of the savages, and at the expiration of that time it had grown distant and indistinct. He felt that he had nothing more to fear for the present, so he sought a sheltered nook, beneath a shelving rock, where a bed of moss and dry leaves had been made, and there he went to sleep in a very few moments after he lay down. He thought of Isabel, and he felt sure she was lost to him forever; for, from the remarks of Guy Bradbrook, he was confident she had fallen into his hands.

And Philip thought of his servant, too, and wondered what could have become of him. But he did not ponder long upon these things, for interesting and absorbing as they were, the force of fatigue was more powerful, and the dreamy god soon overpowered him.

The young Patriot awoke once during the night, and he sat up and peered out into the gloom. He looked for his Indian guard, and he moved his feet with care lest the heavy irons should gall him. The dull pain still left in the ankles and wrists helped fill up the delusion. But as his senses gradually opened and set his memory free he called to mind the events of the night. He listened to hear if the Indians were still upon the search, but all was still save the moaning of the wind amid the towering tree-tops. Ere long he lay down again, and was shortly asleep.

When he next awoke it was broad daylight, and he started up at once and gazed around him. The little glen was calm and quiet, not even a bird disturbing the stillness of the place. He listened attentively for some moments, but could hear no sound that indicated the proximity of anything human. He felt somewhat lame and sore, and, moreover, experienced a sensation of both hunger and thirst. He knew where there was water, and also where plenty of whortleberries grew. He might as well seek them now as at any time; and with this thought he turned to the covered way, and was soon creeping from his retreat.

When the youth reached the open wood he hastened to a small brook that wound away from a spring in the hillside, and having quenched his thirst he went in quest of the berries. He found them, and when he had eaten as many as he wished he felt better, and was about to start for the fort at once. He did not go to the opening of the farm, for fear some of the Indians might be lurking about there; but he chose a path which led to the river in another direction, and when he had found it he hastened on.

The youth had gained the sled-road, through which Jocko had led his party on the night of the first alarm from the British, and was proceeding cautiously along, when a sound near at hand arrested his attention. It was a groaning, as of some one in deep distress. Philip stopped and listened.

"*Help! O, help!*" came, in painful accents, from the wood; but from which point our hero could not at first determine.

He bent his ear more attentively.

"*Oh! I die! I die! My wife! My children! Help! O, help!*"

It was an American's voice, and of course a Patriot; for why should a Tory be left thus? The youth knew that the voice proceeded from the left of the path, and he immediately plunged into the thicket. He forgot his own danger now that the cry of distress came from another. He had not gone but a short distance when he came to a narrow path made by the cattle in going to and from a spring not far distant, and by the side of it he saw a sight that made his heart sink with pain and horror. It was a man, in the prime of life, with the blood from his flayed head pouring over his face, and two deep wounds upon the body weeping the life away! Not a particle of hair was left upon the head, the knife of the scalper having passed below it all.

"Who are you?" the youth cried, sinking down and taking the poor man's hand.

The unfortunate looked up, and having wiped the blood from his eyes he returned,—

"Philip Lancey—don't you know me?"

"No," said Philip, reluctantly. But as he spoke he took his kerchief, and wiped the blood from the man's face; and as he did so he recognized an old and valued friend. His name was Arthur Colton, and he had owned, or did own, a farm next beyond the one which Robert Carlton had originally bought. He was a stout, generous, noble-hearted man, forty years of age, and Philip knew that his family consisted of a wife and three children. His farm lay at some distance from the route the invading army under St. Ledger had taken, so that it had escaped until the present time.

"My dear Colton," the young man exclaimed, seizing his gory hand, "how is this. Are you badly wounded?"

"Look at my head!" was the faint reply.

"Aye—but we may cure that. 'Tis not impossible. What are these other wounds upon the side and bosom?"

"Fatal, I hope!"

"What?" uttered Philip, in surprise. "You do not wish to die?"

"Aye. 'Tis my only hope of joy!"

Colton gazed into the youth's face a moment, and then reaching forth his hand he asked to be raised up. He was lifted to a sitting position, and having overcome the first pangs of pain consequent upon his being moved, he said,—

"Oh! I can hardly realize what I have seen since midnight! When my clock struck twelve—the last twelve o'clock that ever was—I lay in my bed hopeful and contented. In one short hour afterwards my cot was in flames, and my wife and children butchered before my eyes! Oh! my God! what a sight for a husband and father! The Indians came, and they said I had harbored a prisoner of theirs. I assured them I had seen no one but the members of my own family,—nor had I. But that was only a subterfuge. They came upon an errand of blood, and they performed it. My wife and three children—my sweet, beloved ones—were all stricken down before my door-stone, while I, with my hands bound, was forced to turn my face towards them. They cried—'*Father—save us!*' And I could not help them! O! O! O!"

Colton bowed his head and groaned aloud. By-and-by he resumed,—

"When the bodies of the four precious ones, all scalped and bloody, had been thrown into the flames, they took me along with them to this place. Here I managed to get the lashings from my arms, and then broke away from them. But I was overtaken—and—here I am, as they left me an hour ago!"

Philip felt sure that the Indians who had done this were the ones from whom he had escaped, and that he was the prisoner of whom they had spoken to poor Colton, but there was no need of telling this to the dying man.

"How long since the savages left you?" asked the youth, with averted eyes, for he could not bear to look upon Colton's flayed skull.

"I should think it must be an hour. I am not sure. My brain is not clear. Yes, it must have been an hour. But what of that? What of that, I say, infernal wretch? Do you think I don't know you? Do you imagine I have forgotten you? Aha—I remember! I remember, you thrice infernal fiend! I remember!"

Philip sprang back to avoid the grasp which Arthur Colton made for him, and for the moment he was lost in astonishment. But the next words solved the mystery.

"Give me back my wife! Give me back my children! Give them up to me, fiend! O! O! O!"

The poor man's reason was gone! The terrible calamities of the night, with the pain and agony of the present, had set his reason in utter night, and snatched away his memory. But his sufferings were nigh to their end. As he made a second grasp at Philip he fell forward, utterly exhausted, and was unable to rise. The youth lifted him up, however, and set him against a tree.

"Arthur—Mr. Colton—what can I do for you?"

The unfortunate man gazed vacantly into the young Patriot's face, and a gleam of intelligence was perceptible through the gore upon his features.

"My wife! My children! Come—come to me—I can save thee! Wife!"

He spoke no more. He put forth both his hands, and there was an effort of the fingers to grasp the empty air. He fell over upon his side, and his arms sank down like masses of lead. Philip attempted to raise him once more, but when he had lifted him partly up he saw that life had wholly fled. He laid the gory body back, and had just uttered a brief prayer, when a wild, terrific shout broke like a thunder-clap upon his ears. He started to his feet, and sprang backward, for he saw a dozen horrid faces of paint and blood peering out from the wood upon him. But the movement he had made availed him but little, for he only sprang into the arms of a powerful savage who had at that moment emerged from the thicket behind him!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TOMAHAWK.

Ere Philip could make a movement in self-defence, he was pulled over upon his back, his hand forced down behind him, and there lashed firmly and securely. Then he was roughly lifted to his feet, and the first red face he met with was that of the chief—Big Mountain Ash—the one from whom he had fled but a few hours before. The Indian gazed into the youth's face for some moments without speaking. He did not seem to be angry, but rather pleased to think he had found his valuable prisoner.

"So Philip Lancey run away, eh?" he grunted, at length.

"I did," returned our hero, fearlessly; "and I should have escaped had I not stopped here."

"Ah—you too sure. Indian not fool. Me know you go where *she* is; so we guarded every path to the fort."

"*She?*" cried Philip, eagerly. "*She?*—in the fort? You mean Isabel?—she that was with me when you attacked me first?"

"Yes," said Big Mountain Ash, with a dubious shrug of the shoulders. "The baby-girl—child pale-face—about which two big young white men ready to fight to death! Ugh!"

"Do you know she is in the fort?" the youth asked, without noticing the chief's sarcasm.

"Yes. Red war-chief no lie!"

There were strange and conflicting emotions in our hero's bosom upon being assured of Isabel's safety within the fort. He had been making his way towards the fortress, thankful for his supposed escape, but sad with the thought tha the maiden was in her tyrant persecutor's power. But now came the knowledge of Isabel's safety, and with it the fact of his own re-capture. In one short hour he might have been within her presence! Why had Arthur Colton called him away? Why were not some of Willett's men scouring the woods? Where was Jocko? Why had the Indians come back to that spot? Why had he not taken the river-path, where the savages would have been less likely to lurk for fear of the soldiers from the fort? These, with many other questions of like import, passed through the prisoner's mind as he gazed around upon his dusky captors.

"You very sharp for white man," the chief said, eying the youth curiously. "You crawl out from your blanket, and leave him looking like there be a man under him. You very sharp. But you no crawl out any more. No.—Ugh!"

And Philip believed him. There was a look of determination upon the red man's face that was not to be mistaken. He watched the prisoner narrowly, and his thoughts were written on his face. He turned to his followers, and called upon two of them to come and remain with the bound youth, and then he went to where the rest stood, and commenced an earnest conversation. Philip could not hear what was said, but he could understand that there was a difference of opinion upon the subject under consideration. Two or three stout warriors seemed impatient, while the chief endeavored to reason with them. The youth watched them eagerly, and finally saw that the leader had carried his point. Ever and anon during the conversation furtive glances, accompanied by significant gestures, had been cast upon the prisoner, so that he had no doubt as to the subject they had thus disposed of.

And it was a terrible thought for the unfortunate youth! Had he known less of their intentions, he might have been less certain of their meaning now; but knowing, as he did, the result of Bradbrook's visit, he could find no room for doubt upon the proposition that circumstances presented now. The more impulsive and reckless of the Indians said—"Let's kill him at once, and have done with it!" But the chief said—"No. Wait—We'll have a war-dance about him, and offer a sacrifice to Manitou!" So ran the thing in Philip's mind.

Our hero had counted eighteen of the Indians, and they were all of the party whom he had left on the night before. They were all stout, fine-looking, physical men, and all Mohawks. Shortly after the conference had broken up, the chief gave the order for starting. Two men were sent off in advance, while two more were directed to fall in the rear, and keep a good distance behind. This was to guard against surprise, for there might be scouting parties out from the fort. The prisoner was placed near the centre of the party, with two men particularly appointed to guard him, one of whom walked behind him, while the other, when the path would permit, remained by his side.

Thus they moved on at a quick pace, taking the very way by which Philip had come, only keeping on to the left when they had reached the point whence led the path to the secret ravine. Ere long they came to the place where they had camped on the previous evening, and here they were joined by six more, who were in waiting. They expressed much satisfaction upon seeing the prisoner, and Philip learned from the few remarks which reached him that these six had been out upon a different route in search of him, and having come in bootless, had remained there, according to previous arrangement, to be joined by the rest.

Without waiting long they moved on to the west-ward. They had gone some half-mile or so, when the rear guard were called in, the chief thinking it more safe to move on the rest of the way in a body than to be spread out over a large space.

It was near noon when the chief gave the signal for stopping. They had entered a little valley, or dell, through which ran a small brook, and which, from the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere, Philip knew must be near the lake. It was a lovely spot, the vale itself being free from wood, save here and there a huge linden tree, which lifted its heavily leafed branches high above the banks. Upon either hand on the gentle slopes the trees stood more thickly, but without underbrush of any kind; while away to the south-ward swept the vale, in a gentle curve, just sufficient to shut out a view of the sparkling waters of Onieda. To the north, the glen took a more abrupt turn, losing itself, at no great distance, amid rocks and trees, from which the brook burst forth with a wreath of delicate foam.

Even Philip Lancey felt a thrill of momentary admiration of the beauties of the place; but the sensation was of short duration, for as he saw the chief draw several of his men apart, and converse with them in an eager, business-like manner, his mind fell back upon the terrible fate that awaited him.

Ere long the conference broke up, and some half-dozen of the savages joined hands, as if by an instinct, and commenced to dance a wild, fantastic figure, in which they exhibited a horrid joy and a fierce exultation. They shouted and yelled as they swung around in a circle, and their bodies were thrown into all sorts of ugly and ill-shaped contortions.

By-and-bye the chief gave an order for quiet, and then approached the prisoner. There was a peculiar scowl upon the dusky brow, which seemed almost to merge into a smile of derision as it reached the lips. But the paint helped give a repulsive look to any expression he might assume, so there was little chance of detecting those finer and more expressive lines which the soul draws upon the features.

"Philip Lancey—look at me!" he said, in a gruff, guttural tone. "What you think you are here for, eh?"

"How should I know?" the youth replied, with a perceptible tremor.

"Why—you very sharp. Me think you know right away."

"I have guessed what you would do," returned Philip, throwing off all signs of fear. "I have guessed that you would do by me as I have always done by your people. You know how that is very well. The Mohawk warrior never passed my door hungry that I did not feed him; never did he come weary that he did not rest; and never came he with a proper want which remained unsatisfied when he went away. I know," the youth resumed, gaining confidence as he saw how patiently the chieftain listened,—"I know what Nathan Bradbrook has promised you; but let me assure you that I can afford to give more for the prize than he can. I will give you just double what he has agreed to pay you."

"Prize, Philip? What you mean by him, eh?"

"This!" answered our hero, placing his hand significantly on the top of his head.

"Ugh!—Big ears! How you know?"

"I know it very well; and I pledge myself to give you for this just double what Bradbrook offered. Surely you will not refuse."

The chief looked the prisoner in the face for some moments, and finally he said, with an extra shrug of his shoulders,—

"Ugh! You know too much. You no business with so much in here," placing his finger upon his brow. "But never mind. You don't know Indian chief if you think he sell his word."

"I thought I knew the Mohawk chief well enough to trust to his honor and gratitude."

"*Gratitude*—bah! You white people love to *talk! Gratitude!* Who's got it? Only they who can make it worth money. And you say, *honor*. What is he? Where white man's honor? In shooting down every Indian he find? Yes—yes—yes,—that is white man's honor! You may be very good. I hope you be, for then you may go up there," pointing upward. "But if you aint, then me send you down—down—down—where cold weather never comes!"

"Noble war-chief, may I not hope that you will have mercy? May I not hope that I can——"

"Bah!" interrupted the savage, with a stamp of his foot. "Don't be a woman! Do you see up there?—that sun that makes it day?"

"Yes," replied Philip, in a despondent tone.

"Then hear me—I tell you now all: If that sun shines in heaven—if it makes light for the day—if it shines upon us now—you will die in one hour!"

"No! no!—you will listen to me! I will give you——"

"*Scalp!*" yelled the chief, interrupting the youth with another ugly stamp of the foot. "If you want to be a woman we kill you as women kill. We put a gown on you, and then dance around the Yangee woman!"

Philip could say no more. He had no more to say. He knew enough of the Indian character to know that the decision of the chief was final and unalterable. The red man gazed sternly into his face, and he, in turn, assumed a sterness full as firm and lofty. All hope of life was gone. From what he had just heard he could as confidently make up his mind as he could have done from the parental promise of his own father. That the Great Ash could be bent from his purpose of death he simply knew was impossible. With this assurance our hero cast off every appearance of fear and trepidation, and became as calm and stern as one who has achieved a mighty conquest. If he must die, the savage foe should not have the grim satisfaction of seeing him wince beneath their torture.

The chief saw the change, and in a less savage tone he resumed:

"White man has a God.—I don't know how much his God can do; but if you think he would help you, you may have a little while to pray to him."

With this the savage walked away, and Philip bowed his head. He would have given much for the use of his hands, for it seemed to him then that if he could have had his hands to rest his brow upon, he could have been more calm and contented. But he could not have them. He asked for them—he said they might bind his elbows together in welcome if they would only let him have his hands and wrists before him. But a negative shake of the head was the only reply he could gain; so he gave it up as a hopeless case. Yet he prayed—he prayed earnestly and devoutly. He prayed first that his soul might be taken to heaven, there to join his sainted mother. Then he prayed that his father might be spared yet many years, to live in joy and peace. Next he asked that his noble brothers might return to their home in health and safety, and be spared to bear their aged and infirm father softly down the hill of life. Next—and with a deeper, tenderer thrill—he prayed for Isabel. He asked God to free her from the foul touch of the wicked Tory, and keep her pure and spotless. And last of all, he gave his petition for his beloved country. He asked that she might be delivered from the tyrant's rule, and that those who now fought so bravely might live to see the fruits of their labors, and be satisfied in the full possession of a home, free and independent. After this he uttered one short sentence: He gave himself into the hands of his God, and asked that he might be saved from the fearful death which awaited him if such a thing were possible; and then he sat down upon the grass and resigned himself to his fate. Escape was beyond his power. He had looked upon all the surroundings, and he saw too plainly that there was no possible way of gaining his freedom.

It was now near noon, and some of the Indians manifested considerable impatience. They wanted dinner, and they would have any work that was to be done before that time despatched at once. The chief arose from the place where he had been sitting, and gave a low, mumbled order to those around him. In an instant, the whole party were upon their feet, and having drawn their tomahawks they brandished them above their heads, with shouts of exultant joy.

The leader approached the prisoner, and ordered him to get up. The youth obeyed, and when he had gained his feet he was taken by the arms—there being an Indian upon each side—and led off after the chieftain, who stalked on in advance. When they stopped it was beneath a large linden, which stood near the rocks at the head of the vale, and the stout branches of which mingled with the branches of the trees upon the bank. The trunk of this linden was all of twelve feet in diameter, and flattened a little upon the surface that faced the vale.

Philip Lancey was led up, and his back placed against the huge trunk. Then stout cords, made of untanned deer-skin, were passed around at his knees, his thighs, and his shoulders. These were carried twice around the body, and so secured to the tree that the youth could move nothing but his head.

"Do you mean to torture me?" the prisoner asked, wondering what manner of death this movement betokened.

"Don't know. Guess not. See how much courage you got," returned the chief.

"But what do you mean by this? I am not a coward; but I am a man, and as such I cannot wish to be put to unnecessary pain. Surely you have no desire for any such thing."

"Bah! I hate you!" the chieftain cried, clenching his fists, and grating his teeth like mill-stones. "Yesterday morning, when the sun was all ready to rise, I had a brother living—a brother that I loved very well. But he never saw that sun; for just as its bright streams were pouring up into the heavens, your foul hand laid him low. A brother, and a sister's son, both fell by your hand. They meant you no harm but to stop you, and yet you slew them!"

"They attacked me wildly in the wood, with their war-cry upon their lips. You do not mean to claim that as a cause of revenge?"

"Bah!" uttered the chief, with an impudent, insulting look.

Philip blamed himself for having allowed his fears to lead him to ask anything like mercy again at the red demon's hand. He raised his head proudly up, and cast into his captor's face a look of defiance which could not be mistaken.

"White woman ask any more?" said Big Ash, ironically.

"Only this," returned Philip, with a flashing eye: "Speak to me no more. Let me not hear your voice again!"

The red warrior-captain stepped back, and as he did so the air was broken by a whirring sound, and a gleaming tomahawk whizzed past the prisoner's ear, and buried its edge in the hard tree, within two inches of his head!

The blood fled quickly from Philip's cheek, but not a nerve quivered.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SAVAGE SPORT, AND HOW IT TERMINATED.

Philip Lancey knew too well the meaning of all the care that had been bestowed upon the selection of the place for his death. The savages were fond of exercising their skill in throwing the tomahawk, and an occasion like the present was to them a season of strange delight. They see the poor victim dodge and wink, and quiver and turn pale, and each demonstration of fear fills them with wild hilarity. At the time of which we write they used often to devote white prisoners to this sport. There was no fun in toying thus with one of their own blood, for the red prisoner could not be made to even wink. Knowing that he must die, and also knowing that every demonstration of fear or weakness on his part would only add to the joy of his enemies, he set his muscles and teeth with an iron will, and let them play on.

Philip understood all this, and as the first tomahawk whizzed past his ear, the fearful truth flashed upon him that he was doomed to be the butt of their fiendish sport! He knew he had paled when the fatal weapon struck so near him; but it was with sudden excitement of terror—not with fear, for all of fear he held was bound up in the mere thought that, so young, so full of hope, with the joys of opening manhood all in store for him, he must lose his life in such a manner. 'Twas not mere death. Ah, no. Could he have met the grim monarch in the battle-field, with the stroke for freedom sent effective from his hand, he could have died content. So could he have resigned his life calmly and hopefully upon a bed of sickness, with friends about him, and the smile of sympathy to light his dying hour. But thus—away in the deep wood, with only a savage foe about him—made the butt for cruel sport—his life purchased by a villain of his own country, and his bones to be left to whiten in the sun and dew when the wild beasts should have torn his flesh away—all this was fearful indeed!

But the noble youth resolved that they should not see him wince. Not far distant there was a large bush, which grew upon the edge of the brook, and which bore a tiny white flower in large clusters. Upon this Philip fastened his eye. "It is to me a type of Heaven," he said to himself, "and every circumstance that shortens my poor life brings me nearer to it." With this feeling he braced himself for the effort. He could watch the flower tree, and see the Indians at the same time.

The savage who had thrown the first tomahawk ran forward and pulled it out, and then stepped back.

"Who can beat that?" he cried, as he resumed his place among his companions.

"I can!" returned a tall, straight, powerful fellow, stepping forward and swinging his weapon above his head. "You were well nigh a hand's breadth off," he added, regarding the prisoner's head as though it had been some wooden block set up there for a mark. "Look to this!"

As he spoke he raised his tomahawk high above his head, with the back towards its mark, and then, with a quick depression of the wrist, as he sent the weapon flying from his grasp, he turned the head downward, the handle being straight in the air above it, which position it kept until it struck the tree. A loud shout went forth as the dull "*chuck*" broke upon the air, for the hatchet was fast in the tree not over an inch from the prisoner's left cheek! But they watched in vain for the show of fear they had expected. Firm and undaunted the youthful Patriot stood, an expression of contempt curling about his finely chiseled lips, and his handsome face as calm as though he slept.

"Ugh! no woman yet!" muttered one of them.

"Wait!" said another. He stepped forward as he spoke, and his tomahawk performed a single circuit about his head, and then flew from his hand. The head of the youth gave a sudden start towards the very point where the hatchet had struck. Aye—it had pinned a curling tress of his dark hair to the tree.

A wild yell of delight sounded through the narrow vale as this exhibition of skill was seen, and while yet the tones reverberated amid the hills, a fourth hatchet flew from its owner's hand, and a lock of hair from the other side was driven into the tree before the edge of the weapon. The hair was cut by the sharp steel, but still the ends were wedged in between the blade and the trunk. The youth's head was now fast upon both sides, and peal after peal of uproarious delight broke upon the air. Philip could have set his head free by a slight motion forward, but he did not make the attempt. He waited until the tomahawks were withdrawn, and then his head resumed its wonted position.

Two or three savages were upon the point of stepping forward, when the chief made a motion for them to remain behind, and as he did so, he moved to the open space himself. He bore in his left hand four tomahawks, and a javelin or short spear.

"Now, Philip Lancey, say your prayers!" he uttered, in a threatening tone.

But Philip was impressed upon the instant with the firm assurance that this was only said to frighten him, for there were many all prepared to try their skill, who would not so readily give up their chances. So the words lost their intended force, and the youth did not even turn his eyes upon the speaker. He could see his every movement, however.

With a graceful effort, the chief hurled the javelin first, and its sharp head pierced the tree directly above the prisoner's crown, and as the little shaft quivered from the concussion, it touched the dark hair. Of course the Indians all yelled loudly. Next the chief let fly a tomahawk, which struck by the left cheek, clipping a stray lock of hair in its course. A second hatchet came within an inch of the right ear; the third cut the cloth upon his left hip, and the fourth cleared the garment upon the opposite side.

The whole party danced and yelled with savage glee at this proof of their leader's skill, and when the din had subsided, the youngest of the party was called out. He was the son of the chief. There was a peculiar stillness—a sort of hush which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere—as the youthful Indian came forth from the crowd. Quick glances were passed from one to another, and ominous looks were bent upon the prisoner. The young savage bore in his hand a stout javelin, and in his girdle gleamed the sharp scalping-knife! He was not over eighteen, but tall and muscular, and his step was firm and confident.

Full well did Philip Lancey know that the sport had ended, and that this Indian youth was about to revenge his uncle!

"Remember your noble uncle!" spoke the chieftain, in the Mohawk tongue; but every word of which Philip understood. "You know where his heart is. Let your spear-head make two hearts of it!"

A faint, sickening sensation came over the young Patriot's heart, and for the first time he groaned aloud. He could not help it—all the fear that for the past few hours he had kept under subjection now asserted its power, and his fortitude came very near forsaking him. The youthful executioner stepped quickly to his place, and having measured the distauce with his eye, he raised the spear above his shoulder.

There was a solemn stillness o'er the scene, and even the gentle breeze, which had been murmuring through the surrounding foliage was hushed for the while. Philip uttered a quick prayer, and closed his eyes. His heart was still as death, and already he felt in imagination the cold steel driving through his bosom. He had just closed his lips with a firm pressure, and bowed his head in resignation, when there came, from some point overhead, a sharp, wild, unearthly shriek, cutting through the still air like the alarm of some Tartarian monster, and filling every soul with terror!

The spear dropped from the young Mohawk's hand, and with a quaking frame he staggered back to his father's side. The trembling Indians gazed up into the tree, but they could see nothing.

"Beware!" spoke a voice, in pure Mohawk. "Strike, and you die! Harm but a hair of the white youth's head, and I shall be to thee as a vessel of anger and wrath! Beware! Beware!"

The voice surely came from the sky. It was a deep, solemn voice, and the Indians were sore afraid. Their superstition was aroused, and beneath the influence of that principle they were as very cowards in the face of danger.

"'Tis Manitou, and we have made him angry!" gasped the Big Mountain Ash.

"Let us search the tree," said the Indian who had prepared the herbs for the prisoner on the first day of his captivity, and who was a noted medicine man and conjurer.

"Is it not Manitou?" asked several at a breath.

"I think not," answered the medicine man, whose own profession of duplicity and cunning naturally led him to detect it more quickly in others.

"Let us search the tree," he repeated. "The voice came from there, and sounded very much like a voice not native to our tongue!"

But the object of the "voice" was gained, and the savages had been deceived just as much as there was any need of. As they started to advance towards the tree, the reports of a score of rifles broke upon the air, and a dozen of the savages bit the dust. At the same moment a ponderous body dropped from the tree close by the prisoner's side, and Philip uttered a quick cry of joy as he beheld his faithful Jocko. The negro cut the lashings with his knife, and when the youth was free, he fell upon his serving-man's bosom, totally unable to stand. The terror of the past few minutes followed by the startling events of the present, so completely overpowered a system already suffering from an old pain, that both strength and reason were for awhile on the wing.

But there were other actors in the scene beside Jocko and his master. The Patriot soldiers who had thus opportunely burst into the vale, rushed forward as soon as they had fired, and gave chase to the fleeing Indians. One by one they were picked off, and the last of the murderous gang, who had plunged into the lake, was shot by one of the Patriot riflemen. Not a soul of the scalpers was left to tell the tale—not one. They had been met in their trail of rapine, of blood, and of devastation, and swept away from off the face of the land they had so bitterly cursed!

It was past noon when the Patriot party were all assembled about the linden tree, and as soon as Philip began to revive, he asked for drink. One of the soldiers presented his flask, but it contained rum, and the youth could not bear it. But one of the men had some wine, and when Jocko had mixed it with a goodly portion of water, he drank it off, and soon felt better. A little food was eaten, and then he drank a small quantity of pure wine, and ere long his mind was not only clear, but his strength began to return.

There were twenty-nine soldiers in the party, all stout, bold men, and they had started out with the determination of finding Philip Lancey, if he lived.

"We couldn't help coming. If death had stared us in the face upon the moment of setting out, we should have come," said the lieutenant who commanded the expedition. "To see that noble, generous girl so worked upon by fear and agony, and to hear her eager appeals, was more than we could bear. She gave the colonel no rest until he promised that you should either be found, or some reliable tidings gained concerning you."

"You mean Isabel Carlton?" murmured Philip, unable to conceal his emotions.

"Certainly," replied the officer. "She said you risked your life to save her, and she declared that she would call for volunteers, and lead them forth herself, if none were sent out otherwise! You see a party was sent out on the morning of her arrival at the fort, and they searched the woods in vain."

This did more to revive the youth's drooping powers than could have been done by any amount of medicine. It gave a new energy to his soul, set his heart to a stronger motion, and sent the tide of life coursing through his veins with a genial, health-giving force.

"But how did you find me?" Philip asked of Jocko, after the lieutenant had closed his account. "How did you escape? How did Isabel reach the fort?"

"You want de whole story, mas'r," suggested the negro, smiling at the number of questions his master had put together.

"Yes—tell me all you can."

"Well—jus' listen, an' I'll tell yer. In de fus' place, on dat mornin' when de Injuns cotched us nappin', my horse wouldn't do noff'n de right way, not for ebber so long. I got off arter Missa Bella, an' would a gone wid her all de way, only I couldn't jus' den t'ink it war right to lebe you. Howsumebber, I seen de sargent cotch up wid Bella, an' I know'd dey war safe, for dar hosses war sound, an' dey war well off in de woods. So dat p'int war settled. Missa Bella war safe, an' I turned arter you. I jus' called one ob de sojers as war a gwine home at a full gallop, on account ob de proxinimity ob de Injuns. He stopped, an' I axed him to take my hoss, 'cause I war a gwine arter Mas'r Philip. He took de animal, an' I started arter you. I seed ye fall, an' I seed de redskins pick ye up an' carry ye off. I hid in de wood, an' follered as clos't as I dere'd to. I hung around in de tall trees all day, an' I seed ye when ye fust come to. All dat night I war not more'n forty foot off'm ye at any time, but de 'tarnal bloody redskins kept so clos't to ye 'at I dere'n't come no nigher. When de moon war up, I crawled down, an' went off an' got some water an' some berries, and den come back agin.

"I should a gone rite off to de fort dat berry ebenin', only I heer'd 'em say sumf'n 'bout Mas'r Bradbrook, an' I war afeared dey might pull up stakes any moment. So I war dar when Bradbrook an' Guy cum, an' I clum' 'round whar I could hear de ole willain offer Big Mountain Ash one hundred pounds to kill Mas'r Philip Lancey. Dar war sumf'n for me to do. But what was it? I didn't wait long. I jus' t'ought a bit, an' den, hopin' dat God would look out for you while poor ole Jocko war gone, I started. But I had trouble. I had to stear clar ob Injuns; but I git to de fort arter a while, an' when I tell my story dey call out a company right off. Dar war fifty men in it. It war nearly dark when we set off, but I know'd I could lead 'em right dar. An' so I did, but dar wa'n't no mas'r dar, nor no Injuns. We hunted haff de night, an' den the sojers swore dey'd go to de fort. I tole 'em to go 'long if dey war afeared. O—dey weren't afeared—O, no. Not a bit. But den dey'd rudder be snug in de fort dan be out in the wood whar a redskin might be. I luff 'um go, an' den I hunt all alone.

"When de sun rose dis mornin' I war up by our old home, an' while I stood dar a look'n' 'round I war sure for sartin dat I seed you frough a hole in de wood clar way down de hill. I run wid all my might, but afore I could cotch up wid ye I come right kerbump onto a dozen redskins. Dey t'ought dey'd got dis chile for sartin; but I jus' gib a spring into de wood, an' run frough holes 'at dey couldn't git into. I got away from 'em easy enuff, an' den waited for 'um to git out ob de way.

"Well—dey did git out ob de way; but—my eyes!—dey hab my mas'r wid 'um, an' I heer'd some ob 'um talk as how you'd got away from 'em. I war clos't by when de chief set de rear guard, an' I hear him tell 'um dat dey march right off for de rocky brook by de lake. I didn't foller ye no furder den, but I run back to de fort, an' tole de Kurnul how you was. I found Missa Bella wid him, a beggin'—O, *so* high—for him to send arter Philip Lancey. And I seed yer poor old father, too; an' he war all ober tears an' triberlation. Howsumebber—when I tole my story de Kurnul sot rite to work an' fotched out dese men yer see all 'round ye. We started rite off, an' come as fast as we could. I found de trail, an' I could 'a' foller'd it ef I hadn't a know'd whar dey was agwine, for dey didn't take no care to hide dar tracks. De dry sticks war broke, an' de grass war fresh trod in de dew all along.

"Bum-bye I come to dis place, an' put my head ober de bank rite up behind whar you was. I war jus' in time to see de chief wid his arm full ob spears an' hatchets, gettin' ready to try his skience on you. I know'd he war only tryin' to see how nigh he come to ye an' not hit ye. I jus' clum' dat ar tree on de bank, an' den swung off into dis big one, an' widout a bit ob noise I got rite ober yer head, in a place whar de green lebes war so t'ick dat de redskins couldn't see me.

"I tell ye, when I seed dat young 'un start out I war kind o' skeer't, for de sojers hadn't come up. When we got whar I knowed dey'd find de way I run ahead as fast as I could; and it's lucky I did, for dat ar spear 'ud a been in yer heart afore dey'd been up. But when I seed him come out wid dat spear; and when I heer'd his farder tell him to make two hearts out ob de one in yer boos'm, I know'd I must do sumf'n. I heed de sojers a comin'. Den I gib dat onmarciful yell, an' spoke in de Mohawk lingo to 'um. Dat's all, mas'r. You seed all de rest."

When Jocko had thus concluded his story, the youth blessed him with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and the honest black was more than repaid for all he had done.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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GIVE ME THE PEOPLE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Some love the glow of outward show—
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!
What's all the gold, that glitters cold,
When link'd to hard or haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart, and manly dealing!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it—
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees, whose bark is hard and dark,
May yield us fruit, and bloom the rarest!
There's worth as sure, 'neath garments poor,
As e'er adorned a loftier station;
And minds as just as those, we trust,
Whose claim is but of wealth's creation!
Then let them seek whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;—
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

◆

DOOMED.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

Perhaps no prouder woman ever trod the deck of an outward bound vessel than Edith Montrose. Pride was apparent in every look and word and motion—in every one of her straight, haughty features it reigned supreme. She looked askance at her fellow-passengers as the vessel left the dock; and apparently little satisfied with the scrutiny, folded her cashmere around her, and seated herself by the side of her mother with a wearied air.

To her, the family groups around the deck were as nothing. Yet among them stood one to whom she was, at no distant day, a slave. A man who, though at the moment utterly unconscious of her presence, as he gazed his last upon the fading shores of America, was yet to exercise an influence over her which could only end with death! A man who was to bring to her certain woe and misery, whenever she had learned to love him—yet whom she was doomed to love. It would have been terrible to one who knew all this, to watch her, as she sat, in unconscious security, almost within reach of his outstretched hand!

Like a statue she remained in her seat during the long, bright afternoon. Her mother, already suffering the pangs of sea-sickness, soon went below, and consigned herself to the care of her maid; but Edith, after being desired to leave her, returned to her old seat, and leaning her head on her hand, looked fixedly out upon the water all around her. There, for the first time, James Dartmouth saw her. It was an evil hour for them both.

Edith was the only daughter of her widowed mother, descended from a proud and wealthy family, and reared in the very lap of luxury. Life, for her, should have had many a joy in store. She was young; she was beautiful and gay; the idol of her mother, and the pride of her family. Add to this that she was now, for the first time, about to visit those distant and wonderful countries of which she had so often read; and it will easily be seen that she was one to be envied. Stop!—envied did I say? Oh, for the shadow which was then lurking in her horizon, and which was so soon to evelope her in its murky folds, she was most deeply and sincerely to be pitied!

And what of him who stood almost beside her, furtively watching her thoughtful face through his long, dark eyelashes? James Dartmouth was a poor and unknown man—a kind of literary vagabond, whose wayward fortune was now carrying him to his mother land, uncertain how warm a welcome she would give her child. It mattered little to him. A perfect Bedouin in nature, he was at home in every scene and climate, and trod the deck of that outward bound ship with as firm a tread, as if his future home and destiny had been decided. "Take no thought for the morrow" was the favorite motto of his life. And putting off all care and trouble for the time, he was pleased to find one like Edith Montrose to share the hours of his voyage. Not that he knew her—not that he had any friend on board who could introduce him properly to the haughty creature beside him, but because, in studying her face, and looking stealthily into her dark gray eyes, he knew that she was of his kind, and with this knowledge felt that the battle was already half won. He drew near her, after a moment's hesitation, half smiling at his own boldness, and addressed her:

"It is a lovely evening. But if I have translated the expression of your face rightly, lady, it would seem far more lovely to you if you were watching that setting sun on land."

Edith started and turned sharply round. Who was this impertinent stranger who presumed to intrude upon her, when her very seat and attitude should have shown she wished to be alone? She looked up—to meet the gaze of a very handsome pair of soft brown eyes, and the words she was about to utter died upon her tongue. Something, she could scarce tell what, in that quiet glance mastered her at once. He took the vacant seat beside her, and looked out upon the ocean for some time.

"To me," he said, at last, in a dreamy tone, "this voyage at sea seems like the realization of some of my Arabian Nights' dreams. Scarcely six hours have passed since I came on board—yet, how the scene has changed! I can scarcely believe that we are ever going to stop—I believe that we are to go sailing on, and on, and on, forever, in search of some country where all the care and trouble we leave behind have never yet found a resting-place. It is a blessed thought. I only wish it were true."

Edith listened like one in a dream. The stranger's voice was low and musical, with a peculiar intonation of sadness pervading it, such as she had never heard before. And his face, which she had at first criticised rather severely, seemed beautiful to her, now that the play of the sweet, but melancholy mouth, and the glance of the full eye, were regulated by deep feeling.

"It would be beautiful indeed," she said, with a sigh. "But I doubt if such a country could ever be found."

"Who knows? Stranger things have been. But look, lady—see how the sun dips down into the water. Farewell—a long farewell to old America! God knows in what time or season I shall look upon those distant shores again."

"You have, then, no settled time for returning?" asked Edith, who was moved, almost to tears, by the plaintive sadness of his looks and tone.

"I am like the wind," he said, with a smile, "and no one knows or cares whence I come, or whither I go. I have no home—no family. I am only a poor wanderer on the face of the earth, dear lady. But we will not speak of this. Tell me, rather, so much of yourself as you may confide to a fellow-voyager—and a stranger."

"My story is soon told," was the quick reply. "Such as you see me I have always been—the companion and friend of the best mother on earth. And now, we are to travel together through all those lovely countries I have always longed to see, and I think I am perfectly happy."

"God grant you may always be so," said Dartmouth, fervently. "But oh! the world is a thorny and a troubled way, and you are but a young traveler, my child!"

He did not seem to notice the term of endearment he had used; or, it may be, to the man of forty-one, the girl of twenty seemed more a being to be cherished and counseled than loved or worshiped. But Edith's pale cheek flushed scarlet—and yet for worlds she would not have missed hearing those words. Though scarcely half an hour had elapsed since they had exchanged their first words, she was already conscious of a new influence acting upon her, for which she could hardly account. Nor did she care to question this happiness, as delightful as it was peculiar.

"Do you sing?" asked Dartmouth, suddenly.

"A little."

"Do you know the Evening Hymn to the Virgin?"

"Yes."

"Will you sing it for me? I must confess that I love it better than anything I ever heard. Come—I am sure you will do it justice, by the look I have seen in your eyes now and then, since we have been talking."

Edith—the exclusive Edith—who never sang, even to her friends, except at the urgent request of her mother, actually began and finished the song, without a moment's hesitation, at this man's command. Her voice was clear and sweet, and blended exquisitely with the tenor of the stranger. Many who were lingering on deck drew nearer, entranced by the sweet sounds; but her momentary feeling of annoyance passed away when he thanked her by an expressive smile, whose light softened his brilliant eyes a moment, and then passed away. It was worth much, she thought, to have been able to call up that new look there.

"You have given me a great pleasure," he said, leaning towards her, and speaking in a low voice. "Hereafter, when I sing that, as I do every evening when I am alone, I will think of you. And, believe me, lady, your memory could not well be connected with anything more dear to me."

Edith rose to go, scarcely daring to trust herself to speak. Her new friend walked beside her down the deck, and saw her safely to the door of her state-room.

"To-morrow we shall meet again?" he said, inquiringly.

She bowed. He took her hand in his, murmured a kind good night, and sent her to her mother's side with a throbbing heart, that was ashamed at its own weakness, yet knew no way to remedy it.

So began their acquaintance. To Dartmouth, who was a *blasé* man of the world, it afforded a pleasant excitement to see the cheek of Edith flush deeply at his approaching step, or to mark the earnest eyes, that fixed themselves upon his face whenever he was speaking. It flattered his vanity—it may be it slightly touched his heart; for Edith, with her strong, impassioned nature, was a being formed for love. But while she was growing happier day by day, he knew too well what the end must be. He could not win her heart, he said to himself, by his commonplace attentions—he must not do it. Yet every morning found him lingering by her side; every sunset gilded their favorite seat as they sang together the hymn to the Virgin, and at moonlight they walked up and down the deck, arm in arm, conversing in low tones, and utterly unmindful of the smiles and glances of the other passengers, who had watched the rise and progress of their acquaintance with the greatest amusement.

One night, however, came when James Dartmouth sat alone in his accustomed seat. The mother of Edith had been able to leave her state-room for the first time, and the delighted girl hovered around her chair, apparently quite unmindful of him who awaited her. The captain, a fine-looking and agreeable man, stood talking with her for a few moments, and finally assisted her in leading her mother to the cabin again. She came up, leaning on his arm, and laughing gaily at some remark he had made. But when she saw Dartmouth, leaning against her chair with folded arms, and looking moodily out upon the ocean, she came to meet him at once, and laid her hand playfully on his shoulder when he would not turn to welcome her.

"So far gone in the blues!" she said, lightly. "Have you not a word to spare for an old friend, Mr. Dartmouth?"

He took her hand and turned around. The beautiful smile she liked so well, had gone out of his eyes—they looked cold, and dark, and gloomy.

"Yes, Miss Montrose,—I have many more, it may be, than she will like to hear. Will you sit down? I have much to say to you."

"Thank you. I prefer standing."

She came nearer to him, and looked up in his face.

"What have I done, Mr. Dartmouth? Are you angry with me?"

"Angry with you! Oh, no, my child!" he exclaimed, tenderly. "But with myself, Edith, with myself I am very angry."

"Why?"

"You are the cause, Edith."

"Then tell me all."

"Dare I?"

"Yes, I am very sure you can say nothing to me, Mr. Dartmouth, which I ought not to hear."

"Oh, my little Edith!" he groaned, "you are right, though, after all, I cannot say what I wish to, because I must not."

"What can you mean?"

He drew further away from her, and looked at her, with a sad smile.

"Edith, when you were yonder, do you know that I was absurd enough to be jealous of the captain; of your mother, even, because she kept you from me. It was *our* hour you know."

"I did not forget it," said Edith, in a low tone.

"God bless you for saying that. But that feeling—that jealousy—has taught me to see where, heretofore, I have been so blind. Edith, in four more days our voyage will be over."

"I know it," she answered, with a sigh.

"And then we part forever, my child. That is the way with all which makes life beautiful. No sooner do we grasp it than it fades away, and vanishes from our grasp. But we will not forget all these happy hours—will we, Edith?"

She did not answer; but a large, bright tear, falling on the hand that held hers, spoke for her. He looked much moved.

"Edith, Edith—do not unman me. The parting must come, and you must help me to bear it bravely. Yet I would not have you forget me. There is one thing I can ask of you now, perhaps, more fondly than of any one on earth. When, in some distant country, you hear my name spoken carelessly—when you hear a stranger say "he is dead"—oh, Edith, wherever you may be—however happy your home—or dear the friends around you—turn away from them all, and in silence breathe a prayer from your very heart for my poor soul. Edith, will you promise to do this?"

"Oh, why do you talk like this?" she cried, choking down the sobs that shook her whole frame. "Do you not see how unhappy you make me? I could not live if you should die!"

"Is it true, Edith? If I had met you years ago, when I was a younger and happier man, is it possible that you could have loved me?"

"Better than life itself!"

He looked at her and smiled. It seemed like a smile of triumph to think that he, whose prime of life had already passed, could still win so fresh and young a heart. Edith caught the smile, and drew herself up haughtily. He took her hand as she turned away.

"My child, God forbid that my cares and sorrows should cloud one moment of your happy life. Think of me as a father—be to me as a child."

"Let me go!—oh, let me go!" was her only reply.

"Not till you have assured me that you are not angry with me. Not till you tell me—oh, Edith, say that you forgive me for every pang I ever inflicted upon you. If I were free to love—but, alas, I am not! Think of me as a man who has outlived all sweet and tender ties, dear Edith, and we may yet be happy together."

"I will—but, oh, let me go now!" she murmured.

"Good night then, Edith. Say a little prayer for me to-night, before you sleep. It will be a blessed thing to have my name spoken by lips so pure."

Oh, was there need of this request? Had a single night passed since she had first known him, when his name had been omitted as she knelt before her God? She could not speak—she pressed his hand convulsively, raised it to her lips, and hurried away. For long, long hours she wept upon her pillow that night.

And he? With that hurried kiss still burning upon his hand, he walked the deck till long past midnight. Quietly, but swiftly, the good ship went her way—the waves were blue beneath, and the sky above his head was bright with stars. The loveliness of night was lost upon him—his eyes were too dim with tears to watch the sea or sky, as he leaned over the stern of the vessel and thought his own dark thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

They could not meet again as they had done. It may be that a stronger tie bound them to each other—but it was a tie never to be acknowledged—never to be named. And Edith, as she paced up and down the deck the next morning, alone, for the first time, wondered what he could have alluded to—wondered why he was not free.

"I will ask him to explain," she thought to herself. "After all I have said to him, I am surely entitled to a knowledge of his position—and come what may I will have it."

With this determination fully formed, she waited anxiously for his appearance. The morning wore away and he did not come. Just as she was about to desert the deck, however, in a fit of impatience and despair, she saw the physician come toward her, with a card in his hand.

"For you, Miss Montrose, I believe," he said, with a good-natured smile. She read it eagerly as he turned away. Only a few words were penciled there, but they were words of peace and hope to her.

"I am ill," he had written. "I may not see you till to-morrow, but do not forget to sing our beautiful hymn to-night. I shall leave the window of my state-room open, that I may hear you. Dartmouth."

Does any woman think the request was forgotten? Or, that the card was not carefully treasured, as the first token of interest she had ever received from him she loved so well! When Edith slept that night, the little slip of pasteboard was pressed close to her heart, and her dreams were only of the morning, which was to give him back to her. I wish he had been better worthy of such innocent homage. But the noblest and best man that ever lived was never yet quite good enough to deserve canonization of this kind—yet, alas! how many receive it—it may be, only to smile in wonder at the novelty of the gift!

The long night wore away, and a Sabbath morning, fair and calm as a dream of Heaven, shone upon the waters. Edith danced out upon the deck with a happy heart. To her the day was beautiful, because it was to re-unite them. But as the hours wore away, and the door of his state-room remained obstinately closed, she grew weary of watching, and flinging herself down upon one of the cabin sofas, forgot all her troubles in a sweet and happy slumber.

She woke after the lapse of an hour, with a sudden start, as if some one had spoken in her ear, and looked around with a bewildered air. Almost the first object that met her eyes was James Dartmouth, wrapped in a dressing-gown of gayly-colored cashmere, and leaning over her mother's sofa with an air of absorbed attention. What were they doing? She listened eagerly. Her mother was reading in the Bible—and he—oh, he—was listening to it, with an air of reverential attention which added a new charm to his serious face. She stole near them unperceived, as she thought, but he smiled, and put out his hand behind him at once, and when the chapter was finished, drew her to his side.

"And how have you enjoyed yourself while I have been shut up in my room?" he asked, with a kind smile.

"I have been waiting for you to get well again."

It was delightful flattery—more especially that it was perfectly unpremeditated, and James Dartmouth forgot all he should have remembered, as he looked up into her speaking face.

"Bend your head, Edith."

She stooped towards him, and he threw round her neck a short chain of finely-wrought gold, attached to a cross of the same metal. As he fastened the links firmly together his hand touched her throat—it was trembling like a leaf, and Edith's face flushed crimson.

"Will you wear that little toy in memory of me?" he asked. "You can never take it away without breaking the chain. Promise me that you will let it remain where I have placed it."

"It shall never be taken away," said Edith, in a low voice. "When I die, it will be found as you have left it."

"Edith, my dear," said Mrs. Montrose, "I think the morning so pleasant that your friend need not fear a walk upon deck. It is scarcely fair to tie him to the side of an old woman like me!"

They went away together. Edith could not have broken that charmed silence, and Dartmouth would not. All through the bright forenoon they sat in the stern of the vessel, seemingly absorbed in their respective books, but in reality tasting the exquisite delight of being near each other once again. It was a dangerous pleasure—one of them, at least, found it so.

The rude clashing of the gong roused them, and Edith laid down her book impatiently.

"I think that the most disagreeable sound in the world," she said, as she listened to its horrible din—"do not you, Mr. Dartmouth?"

"When it breaks in upon such a pleasant day-dream as I was then indulging in—yes! Perhaps it is as well though to be rudely roused. It is what happens to us day after day—it is what has happened to me for the last twenty years—and why should I complain?"

"You always speak of life as being so unhappy," said Edith, thoughtfully. "Now I am determined to find it very different. Let trouble come if it will. I shall defy it so bravely that it will turn aside in very shame."

"You think yourself strong to endure then?" he said, with a pitying smile. "Oh, my child, when I hear you speak thus—when I see you looking out so bravely upon the sorrow that must come to you, even as it comes to all—it is as if I saw a frail little pleasure-boat putting out to sea in an angry storm, and hoping to reach the same safe haven for which the man-of-war is steering. My child, only one anchor can save you—and that is here."

He touched the Bible she held, and added, a moment after, in a more cheerful voice—

"Edith, you promised to watch with me on the last night of our voyage. To-morrow we shall see the white cliffs of old England—will you come on deck this evening? I have much to say to you."

"Yes—I will come," she said, after a moment's hesitation; "but promise to say nothing that will grieve me."

"My god! I wish I could!"

She waited to hear no more, but hurried to her state-room, and spent the afternoon in tears. Her fate was narrowing around her, and, like the poor victim in the iron cell, she saw the light and air shut out gradually from her, yet she knew not which way to turn for help. She tried to pray, but the words died upon her lips. She felt that she stood alone—that even God refused to hear her.

For the first time during the voyage, the hymn to the Virgin was unsung, and when she heard the voice of Dartmouth upon deck, she buried her face in her hands, and prayed passionately for death. At evening she stood in her usual place, watching the moon, as she rose, in silent majesty, above the waters. Some one approached and stood beside her. It was Dartmouth, pale and suffering. But when he looked into her face, he started back in dismay. Scarcely would he have known the bright, proud Edith of the previous day, in the pale, sorrow-stricken girl who leaned her aching head upon her hand, and trembled like a leaf when he spoke her name.

"Oh, my child—my Edith—is this all for me?" he cried in agony. "Oh! say that it is not, and I shall be happy!"

"For whom should it be?"

"Edith, listen to me. God knows I never dreamed of this—God knows I never meant to wound you so. If we had met years ago, I should have loved you better than life; but now it is too late!"

She clasped her hands tightly above her heart, but said nothing.

"Edith, will you not speak to me?"

"Go on. Why is it too late?" she said, coldly.

"I am a married man. Do not look at me in that way—I cannot bear it. If I have been guilty in seeking your society, forgive me. As God is my judge, I never dreamed of winning your love, Edith. Your friendship I craved——"

"Oh! hush—hush!"

She dropped his arm, and walked forward. When she returned, she was calm.

"I have made a blunder, and may as well acknowledge it," she said, with a sad smile. "Yet do not misunderstand me. I only grieve for the attachment I must now crush. You will see at once the propriety of what I am about to say, Mr. Dartmouth. We must meet no more."

She uttered the very words he had been about to speak, and yet how differently they sounded now.

"No more! Do you mean that wherever I may wander, my eyes are to rest on Edith's face no more?—that when I weary of everything around me, Edith's voice will never speak to me again?"

"I mean it."

"That, till the day of judgment, we are never to stand side by side again? Oh, Edith, we have been very happy—is this necessary?"

"It is—it is!" she answered, in agony. "And this little chain I wear—oh! give it to—to your—wife—and tell her, from me——"

"Stop, Edith!" He held her hand firmly in his as she was about to break the clasp. "What did you promise me when I put that around your neck? 'When I die, it will be found as you have left it.' Those were your words."

"I will not gainsay them," said the girl, with a strange glance, as she drew her hand from his.

"Thanks, Edith. And now, let me explain again. I have told you that I am a married man, but I have not told you all, Edith. She who should have watched over my name as over the safety of her own life, has disgraced it. The beings I trusted most—my wife and my only brother—have deceived me most bitterly. May God forgive them—I never can!"

His face worked convulsively, and Edith almost forgot her own grief in trying to soothe his.

"You have a kind heart, my child," he said at last, "and I would not pain it for the world. You are very dear to me—too dear, it may be—and yet I have endeavored to think of you only as a father might think upon his child. To-morrow we part—we must let it be forever, as you say. Never again—oh, Edith—never again shall we two stand here to watch the moon—never again shall we sing our evening hymn together. But God's will be done!"

"Will you forget me?" asked Edith, in an unsteady voice.

"Never! I couldn't if I would. No, my child, wherever I may wander, I will think of you. And you, in your happy home, will sometimes pause, I know, to give one thought to me."

"Oh! leave me! Say farewell at this moment, for my heart is breaking!" was the bitter cry.

He dared not stay to console her. He took her hand in his, and looked up to the solemn sky above them.

"Should we never meet again," he said, tenderly, "the stranger charges you so to live that we may meet in Heaven."

Edith pressed his hand convulsively as these words fell upon her ear Tears filled her eyes—she dropped his hand and turned away. He walked slowly forward—she saw him sink upon a seat and bury his face in his hands; and then, for the first time, she realized that all was over—that after a few short hours had passed away, she should never see his face again.

She tried to bear it bravely, and wiping her blinded eyes, leaned forward as he raised his head, to study that face more attentively, that she might never forget it in its present aspect. But it was too sad—she turned away with a stifled cry.

The quiet of the vast ocean around her whispered of peace and rest beneath its waters. She leaned far over the stern, and looked down at the glittering track of the vessel—she looked up at the smiling heavens—she cast one glance toward the motionless figure at the farther end of the deck, and a sharp pain pierced her heart like a knife.

"Oh! I cannot bear it! My god! my God! pity and protect my poor mother! And oh, wherever I may be, guide him, guard him, love him, Almighty Father! May he be happy; and since we can never meet again, may he sometimes sigh, and think of one whose only fault was loving him too well!"

She rose from her knees, and threw up her hands in supplication.

"Father, forgive me, and take me home!"

There was a sullen plunge in the water, and Dartmouth, starting from his seat, saw a white form upon the waves behind the ship.

"My god! Edith—Edith!"

In an instant he was over the ship's side, followed by the captain and mate, who had been startled by his wild cry. The ship was stopped in her onward course, the life-boats hastily cut down and launched, and the deck crowded with weeping passengers, among whom was the mother of Edith. With trembling hands she clung to the gangway, till the motionless body of her darling was brought on deck, and after one look at the pale, still face, fainted at her feet.

It was all over. One rash and impetuous act had ended the life so full of promise; the spirit of Edith was even then standing before the judgment seat of God. Let us hope that the mercy which leads so many whose feet have gone astray, back into the path of duty, guided and guarded the lovely soul, till, by penitence and prayer, it had atoned for that one dreadful sin!

It was a gloomy voyage up the English Channel, when she, who had so longed to gaze upon the shores of the old country, was lying cold and still in her shroud below. Her mother sat like one in a stupor beside her; and he—oh! he for whom the deed was done, was walking the deck like a madman. With him the lost Edith's secret was as safe as if it was locked within the grave. None save him, on board, knew that it was not accident, but intention, that consigned her to her watery grave.

In a quiet English churchyard, where the daisies grow above her head, the mortal remains of the ill-fated Edith are lying, while another grave, near by, denotes the resting-place of her mother. There, after many a weary pilgrimage, comes a white-haired man to weep and pray, and by-and-by the hands of strangers will lay him beside her who died for him.

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Hope verv often opens the door for Disappointment to shut it.

LIGHT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Ah, it is well, and very well,
When all the hoarded hopes of years
Are smelted in life's crucible
To the last bitterness of tears ;

When joy has left us only woe,
And love a little dust to keep,
To feel that pain must end—to know,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

And when, at noon-time, round our feet
Stretch the long shadows of the night—
Surely the thought is very sweet,
"At even-time it shall be light."

Ah, light ! and light enough to see
Across the cold, unanswering grave,
How beautiful our lost ones be
In the immortal life they have.

Oh, dear one, fold your hands away
From the cold cheek and faded brow ;—
Think how the tenderness of May
Comes back upon the wintry bough,—

Think how the rainy time has passed,
And left the cloud all shining bright,
And hold to the good promise, fast,
"At even-time it shall be light."

◆

THE NEIGHBORS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Ho, crickey! won't we hove some fun now? See that little girl sitting there!—won't it be fun alive, Joe, to make her jump up, half-frightened to death?"

"That poor little girl! Will, of course you won't think of harming her? See, she has fallen asleep there upon your mother's steps, with her little pale face lying against the cold stone. I dare say she was very tired and hungry, and sat down there to rest."

"I dare say she was all that," answered Will, sneeringly, "and that's the very reason why I am going to have some fun with her. She wouldn't dare to tell mother, or to make any fuss about it—so here goes!" and the bad boy lighting the fuse of a bunch of Chinese fire-crackers, threw them into the lap of the sleeping child.

There was a wild scream, a sudden rush, and then amidst the explosion of the missiles, a something enveloped in flames darted down the marble steps.

Will, too frightened himself to move, could only re-echo the child's screams, but Joe, his playmate, who had vainly attempted to dissuade him from his mischievous purpose, with wonderful presence of mind, snatched off his cloak and wrapped it about the child. His own hands and face were badly burned in his efforts to extinguish the flames—but he never faltered. In a few moments Will's screams had summoned the inmates of the aristocratic mansion, in front of which this scene had taken place. Mrs. Willoughby herself ran out with a large rug from the hall, and wrapped it about the children, just as one of Mrs. Grant's servants poured over them a bucket full of water. The flames were extinguished, and while Will Grant ran crying to his mother, Mrs. Willoughby had her son, and the poor child whom he had so heroically attempted to save, removed to her own house.

Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Grant were neighbors. They had lived side by side for many years, indeed from the time that they had come as brides, within the same year, to live in the houses of their husbands. An intimacy had sprung up between the two families, less from congeniality of tastes than from proximity and circumstances. Within five years of their marriage both had been left widows, with each a little son.

Will Grant and Joe Willoughby attended the same schools, and joined in the same games. They had been playfellows from their earliest remembrance, but so different were their dispositions and temperaments, so totally unlike the home-influences that surrounded them, so diverse the motives of conduct by which they were governed that they could scarcely be called friends.

As had been the case with their parents, their intimate association was more the result of proximity and habit, than strong liking. Will was an indulged and petted child, with a strong propensity for mischief that was seldom checked, while he was always more pitied than blamed for any untoward consequences of his pranks. Of course he was reckless of the feelings or comforts of others so long as he had the questionable satisfaction of what he called "fun," in other words, practical jokes, or personal annoyances.

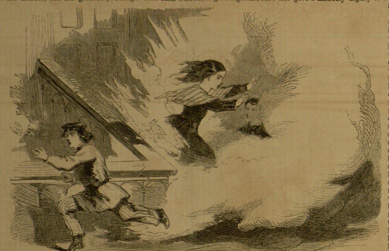
But Mrs. Willoughby was a wiser woman than Mrs. Grant. Loving her child with the tenderest devotion, she never yielded to the temptation of indulging his faults. She watched over him constantly, never intruding moral lessons at improper seasons, but ready always to inculcate right principles, and to set the example of thoughtful kindness towards inferiors, reverence to superiors, and simple politeness toward all. To make her child like the husband for whom she mourned—a true Christian gentleman—was her highest earthly object.

With such different training, the children of these neighbors were essentially different in all their characteristics, as a matter of course. In one case all faults were fostered and promoted, in the other whatever was noblest and best received the kindest culture. So while Will Grant, through pure mischief, endangered the life of an innocent child, Joe Willoughby hesitated not to imperil his own to repair the wrong of his play-fellow.

An hour after the scene narrated above, when Will had sobbed himself to sleep upon the lounge in his mother's dressing-room, with a huge piece of cake in one hand, and an expensive toy in the other, Mrs. Grant stole out and proceeded to her neighbor's house for the purpose of hearing the results of the catastrophe. She found the physician, who had been hurriedly summoned, still with Mrs. Willoughby, and engaged in dressing Joe's burnt hands and face. The little girl, as worst injured, had been first attended to, by the entreaties of the little preserver and the commands of his heroic mother, and was lying moaning with pain, but as comfortable as circumstances would admit, in Mrs. Willoughby's own bed. That lady now sat holding her son in her arms, and from her pallor evidently suffering all his anguish, while mother and son vied with each other in suppressing all outward pain that could add to each other's distress.

Mrs. Grant was a woman of quick feelings, and her first impulse was to go home and inflict condign punishment upon the boy she had just coaxed into quietness. But the thoughts of his tears softened her heart, and her usual excuse, "Poor child, he did not intend any harm," satisfied her conscience. She tried, however, to make amends by remaining to assist Mrs. Willoughby in the care of the sufferers, until the arrival of the nurse sent by the physician, released her for the time.

Some days elapsed before the child thus strangely thrown upon Mrs. Willoughby's kindly offices could be questioned as to her name or belongings. She was a beautiful little creature, of perhaps seven years. Around her sweet, pale face, which had escaped the effect of the flames, the rich golden curls clustered luxuriantly. The half-burned garments which had been removed from her were coarse and faded, but had been neat; and that exquisite cleanliness which betokens refinement of feeling, even among the most debasing influences, was apparent about her person. She was evidently the child of extreme poverty, one upon whom the pinching hand of want had been laid, driving her forth to beggary, but the tones of her voice, the quiet civility of her manner, and her gratitude, untinctured by servility, equally assured Mrs. Willoughby that she was not the offspring of the rude and uncultivated.



For the first few days, in a sort of half-delirium, she moaned continually of her mother, but who that mother was, or where she lived, it was impossible to ascertain. When, at length, she was able to give the necessary directions for finding her the search proved in vain. The mother, exhausted by toil and hunger, had been prostrated upon her couch of rags by mental illness before she consented that her little one should go out to seek charity. Her anxiety when the child failed to return accelerated the progress of the disease, and ignorant of what had befallen her, her sufferings alleviated only by the kindness of neighbors scarcely less poor and forsaken than herself, she died. The day that Mrs. Willoughby traced her to her poor lodgings she had been consigned to the nameless grave of a pauper, leaving only a few mementoes behind.

A locket containing two pictures—one her own, the other that of a young and handsome man, and a tress of dark hair, a few infant's garments of exquisite fineness, some old letters, and one dated but the day before her illness, and addressed to her child in a tremulous hand, were all that remained to tell of the station from which she had fallen into the depths of poverty and suffering.

These Mrs. Willoughby carefully collected, and assuring the landlord, who had already claimed them, that she would be responsible for the amount of the poor woman's debt to him, she returned home. All that day and the next she remained in deep thought. She was considering the future of the child which had been so strangely thrown upon her care.

She read and re-read the letters, which alone could throw light upon the parentage of the child. The mother, it was evident from their tenor, had been a friendless orphan. The father the only son of a family of great wealth and high station in a distant city. She hesitated a long time about reading the letter addressed to the child, but finally broke the seal.

It contained but a few words, direct and simple, as suited to the little one's capacity, informing her who were her friends and where they might be addressed. And from it Mrs. Willoughby learned that some three years previous the child's father had set out upon a voyage to the East Indies, from whence he had never returned. No tidings of his death had ever been received, nor of his whereabouts since, at some port of the Indian Ocean he had accidentally been left behind on the sailing of the ship. He might yet return—he would, without doubt, if still alive. In the meantime the mother desired her child to forward an enclosed letter to her grandparents, and if they would consent to receive her, to go to reside with them until her father's return.

"Me they have never acknowledged," the letter went on to say, "and your father they cast off for the crime of marrying one so obscure as I. But his child has claims upon them, for his sake, that I know not how they can refuse, especially after I, who have innocently been the cause of all these painful separations and discords, am laid in the silence of the grave. You have his eyes and smile, and though the golden curls that float around your face are like mine, I know not how they can shut their hearts against you, my innocent, suffering darling."

When the child was at length well enough to be informed of her mother's death, Mrs. Willoughby told her all, and read to her the last message of her dead parent. The little one, young as she was, had learned in the school of sorrow to control her emotions. She lay quite still while Mrs. Willoughby spoke and read to her, with only the large tears that rolled down her pale cheeks betraying emotion.

Mrs. Willoughby, at first alarmed, was afterwards quite chilled by her strange apathy, and when she had finished, said, coldly—

"Do you wish me to send the letter, Eva? If so I will post it at once."

The child made no answer. For a moment she fixed her large violet eyes upon the face of her friend, then turning, painfully, and burying her face in the pillow, she moaned, "Mamma, mamma," and her tears and sobs broke forth unrepressed.

Surprised and terrified, Mrs. Willoughby strove in vain to quiet and soothe the little creature. All day she wept and moaned, only exclaiming at intervals, and in answer to all questions—

"Oh, mamma, come back—come to your little Eva!"

After a time this violent emotion exhausted itself, and then Mrs. Willoughby, retiring for the first time in many hours from her side, wrote a hasty account of the events connected with the history of the little one's destitute orphanage, and dispatched it, together with the mother's letter, to the grandparents.

Days and weeks passed on. The mother's dying appeal elicited no reply from those whose hearts had long been steeled against her, and whose hatred followed her into the grave. To Mrs. Willoughby came an enclosure of a sum of money sufficient to defray all expense caused by the child's illness, and the intimation that she had better be placed in an asylum. The money that lady indignantly returned in a blank envelope, and there all intercourse between the parties ceased.

CHAPTER II.

In Mrs. Willoughby's elegantly-furnished front drawing-room, a young lady sat alone. She had drawn an ottoman within the embrasure of one of the windows, and half-shaded by the folds of the crimson curtain, sat looking forth into the twilight street. It was not yet dark enough to hide the exquisite contour of her features, nor the lily fairness of her cheek surrounded, and as it were, framed in a profusion of chestnut curls. In the sunlight these curls were full of golden gleams, but in the dim half-light of this hour, they seemed a dusky frame for her pale face.

She was paler than usual now, for she was watching eagerly and anxiously for the coming of one whose lightest tone had power to still the beatings of her heart, or rouse it to the wildest emotion. As she sat now, heedless of the voices of Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Willoughby who talked together by the fire in the back drawing-room, her thoughts ran not among the scenes of the past, even while her ear listened intently for the rolling of the carriage that was to bring *him* to her side.

Eva Mortimer went back in memory to the days of her childhood, she remembered the pale face of her mother as she last looked upon it, ere she went forth to beg upon the streets. She remembered the fearful injuries that had introduced her first to her present luxurious home, all Mrs. Willoughby's kindness to her desolate orphanage, Joe's warm, ever-increasing brotherly affection, the tender, loving care that had encircled the ten years of her life with those beloved friends. But it was only with deep gratitude and calm satisfaction that she remembered all these things. Other thoughts brought tumult to her soul. Other love, mightier than that she felt or experienced in her adopted home, surrounded and permeated her being. Other hopes, all disconnected with her home, dim though powerful, made her heart throb painfully.

Will Grant had been the tyrant and tormentor of her childhood—he was her tyrant still, but he had established over her a power which enthralled her whole being, but from which she had no desire to escape. To-night she should see him. To-night be clasped in his arms, hear the whispered words of his fierce, selfish passion, his reproaches, perhaps, for some inadvertent act or omission, his jealous warnings against the claims of Joe Willoughby's brotherly affection, his eager entreaties, that were almost commands, that she would no longer delay the hour that should make her all his own. Poor girl, expectant though sad, she had not long to wait. A distant roll of wheels, lights flashing round the corner of the square, a dash, a rattle of steps, voices in the hall, kisses, and congratulations, and inquiries, then an arm stealing about her waist, hot breath upon her cheek, kisses on brow and lips, eager-whispered words, and she was alone again.

The group had gathered in the back drawing-room—there was a lull in the eager tones, and then Joe's voice was heard inquiring for Eva.

"Where is my little sister? Why don't Eva come to meet me, mother? Is she out—she who I thought would be first to congratulate the poor student upon his honors?"

"I am here, dear Joe," Eva answered, gliding from her retreat, "I only waited till all the rest had done!"

She went forward, put her hand in his, returned his brotherly kiss with simple, cordial frankness, asked him a few questions, and sunk back into the chair that Will Grant brought her.

For the first time honest Joe's hand trembled as he held hers, and his heart was strangely troubled as he looked into her eyes. He had not seen her for a year, and she had grown wondrously beautiful.

"Why not speak to Will, also, Eva," said Mrs. Grant; "see, he is waiting impatiently."

"I have," commenced Eva—but a glance checked her words. She shook hands with him, and called him "Mr. Grant," because he addressed her as "Miss Mortimer."

Very soon "Mr. Grant" accompanied his mother home, but he found time to whisper to Eva to meet him in the summer-house, at the bottom of the garden at ten o'clock. He must see her, he said, and she thought not of disobeying his will, and forgot, in her submission, even to wonder at a secrecy so strange and unnecessary.

At midnight Eva stole silently back to her room. Always pale, there was a grayness resting upon her fine features as she stood for an instant within the light of the brackets that flared on each side of her mirror, a shade so wan and death-like that she started back in affright as she caught its reflection. It was the death-seal of her love, the warm, tender, submissive, self-forgetting love that had died that night.

For Eva was free at last, the thrall of the tyrant was over, the chains had fallen from her spirit, her purity had shrunk back from wrong and falsehood, and he who would have led her feet in the dark ways of sin had no more power forever.

Will Grant had said—"My mother's pride will not let her receive the little beggar-girl as her daughter, and so, because I am dependant upon my mother I cannot make you my wife;" and then, when she failed utterly to understand the dark purpose vailed beneath these words, and was turning mournfully away to carry her crushed hopes to the solitude of her chamber, he dared to speak, to urge her to fly with him, to disregard all the teachings of her innocent youth, and to become, for his sake, an outcast from the sympathies of the wise and good.

Then, when she comprehended his purpose, she fled from him, after a few low-spoken words that told her scorn and detestation of his purpose, and and she was henceforth free.

Five years had passed, and Eva watched once more at twilight from the same window. Again the crimson curtains enshrouded her form, but there were lights in the room beyond, that, glowing through them, lent a brilliant hue to the fairness of her cheek. Her form, retaining all its graceful proportions, had expanded into a rounded fullness that gave a matronly dignity to her appearance. She looked happy now, and her white fingers beat with a joyful impatience upon the window-pane. A well-known footfall caught her ear, a man came swiftly round the well-remembered corner of the square. He sees the figure at the window and hastens his footsteps, while she glides out into the hall and stands ready to throw wide the door before he can ring, to put two warm, loving arms about his neck, to lift her face to his with a welcoming kiss, to superintend the laying aside of all his wintry traps, and then, leaning upon his arm, to enter the room she had just quitted.

Mrs. Willoughby sits beside the fire, and welcomes them with a contented smile, and calls them her children. Presently they go down to dinner, chattering gaily all the while. Hardly is the dessert upon the table, when a quick ring comes at the door, and immediately a tall, slight man, with many lines of gray in his dark locks, is ushered into the dining-room. He is evidently an accustomed visitor, for there is a place ready for him. Eva kisses him and calls him "father," and Joe salutes him by the same title as the two shake hands, while Mrs. Willoughby calls him Mr. Mortimer. He is Eva's father, returned, after years of weary wandering, to his native land, to find, by a strange accident, the child he thought sleeping in the grave with its mother.

They go back to the drawing-room, nurse brings in a pretty, flaxen-haired baby, whose violet eyes, mamma declares, are much wider open than is proper at that hour of the night. Joe, very fond of being called "papa" by the nurse, handles the baby awkwardly, and, having achieved the feat of making it cry, yields it to the mother, who goes up to the nursery for the next hour.

When she returns, the whole party gather round the fire and converse pleasantly together, or listen to Mr. Mortimer's accounts of his strange adventures. They speak, too, in low, reverential tones of the young wife and mother, who was laid long ago in a pauper's grave, and two hearts, at least, long achingly for the power to recall her sufferings, and blot them out forever. They part, at last, with many kindly words, as Mr. Mortimer goes back to his lonely lodgings. And thus, day after day, this happy, reunited family meet, rich in the enjoyment of all that earth has to offer of peace and contentment—the heart's true wealth.

Mrs. Grant and her son are both dead. Will Grant ran a short career of sin, and died, as might almost have been foreseen from his life of violence and self-indulgence, a violent and terrible death. His mother's life was enwrapped in his, and she did not long survive him. Soothed by the tender kindness of her life-long friend, Mrs. Willoughby, went to her rest happy when the hour came that her body might be laid beside that of her misguided, but beloved child. Side by side stand still the two houses to which the neighbors came as brides, long ago. One is desolate and abandoned; in the other are light and gladness, strong human love, the sweet tones of childhood, warm hearts that beat for the woes and sufferings of others, and trust in the good God who is over all, blessed forever.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOUSIANIAN.—We do not think the question of abstinence from animal food worthy of consideration at the present time. Those who choose to live on vegetables, cooked or uncooked, may—we care not. But we advise no one so to do. In a higher state of existence, in Heaven, perhaps, we shall live upon fruit—the fruit of the tree of life, on which neither blight, nor slug, nor insect of any kind can settle, but on earth we must just eat what it pleases God to send. Animals that are eaten are always best treated. It would be a fortunate thing for the horse and the ass if they were reckoned suitable food for the lord of creation. We should not then see so many miserable hacks, with their bones protruding through their skin, and their very countenances exhibiting signs of the agony they feel. An ox has a happier time of it. Who ever heard of one that was ill fed, or whose food was begrudged? Sentimentalism that pretends to so much tenderness is generally heartless. We have seen no evidence whatever of the moral, or intellectual, or physical superiority of a vegetable diet. It may suit some constitutions. If it suited ours we should persist in it. It causes weakness, drowsiness, flatulence, and numerous other ailments which we do not approve of.

BUCHANAN.—A man who says he does not believe what he does not understand, talks foolishly. Such pretenders to understanding generally understand the least. What is it that we do understand? Can we understand the infinite extension of space? Yet we must believe it. Can we understand the eternity of time? Yet we must believe that too. Can we understand how water becomes ice, and larger and lighter in its solid than in its liquid state? Yet we must believe it, or be content to be called foolish and ignorant. Properly speaking, it is only what we do not understand that we believe. What we fully understand we know—and that is nothing. All our knowledge is belief, and mostly all rests upon the testimony of others. A man who believes too little is as great a fool as he who believes too much.

SYLVANUS wishes to know how to get rust out of steel. We know of no means to accomplish this; when the rust has eaten away the metal, and taken its place, nothing remains to be done but to have the goods re-polished, by which process the surface is removed, and the rust along with it. The best way is to preserve the article from rusting in the first instance. This may be effected by applying a mixture of copal varnish and olive oil—as much of the latter as will produce a slight degree of greasiness; add to this as much of spirit of turpentine as varnish.

ROSE.—"Did you have a ride yesterday?" is not bad grammar, but it is inelegant. The *did* is superfluous. "Had you a ride yesterday?" is sufficient. Many vulgarisms are grammatically correct. Grammar is one thing, and elegance another. But "Did you have a ride?" is a phrase that is universally tolerated, and might be used by the president of a college without a blush.

BATTLE.—You cannot bring an action for an assault and battery perpetrated three years ago. You have let the grievance lie too long.

MRS. J. C. E.—What you say about giving to your children books to read that are enough above their easy comprehension to compel them to think and investigate, is very good, but you must see that the children understand what they read; for, to read a book without understanding half its contents, can scarcely be called reading; it is in fact merely turning over the leaves, and deserves the appellation applied in France to readers of more advanced age, who are said to amuse themselves with *thumb-reading*. Many people read in no other manner; and we have no doubt this habit arises from having in infancy and youth read *books above their comprehension*, of which, therefore, they were obliged when reading alone to pass over the greater part, or of which that part, if read at all, was to them totally lost. To obviate this, previous to putting a new book into the hands of your child, select such words as he may not understand, and write short and simple definitions of them adapted to his capacity. At first a single definition should be read to him, and the child be asked whether he understands it. Should he say yes, he may be asked to repeat the sense, not in the terms or expressions used, but in his own words; in which he should be assisted, corrected, and encouraged. This may serve as a first lesson. The next day he should again be questioned relative to the same definition, which, if he remember, he may pass on to a second, and so continue. In this exercise, two things are very essential, the first not to be in a hurry, but to render the lessons agreeable to the child by making them short; the second, not to teach the child a single definition by rote, lest he repeat it like a parrot without understanding it; an inconvenience to avoid which, it would be well to vary the expressions, giving him the sense annexed to each of the definitions in other words. At first the child will be very timid, and much embarrassed, when called upon to express in his own words that of which he only retains the sense. But he should be caressed, encouraged, and praised; nor should anything be neglected that can conciliate and attach him to this exercise. Thus, in the course of a fortnight, the first difficulties being vanquished, his lessons will become agreeable and amusing. You should also have him read the book aloud to you, that you may test his understanding of it, and also correct his pronunciation and elocution. When children are left too much to themselves in their reading, they become utterly careless as to their utterance, and contract most pernicious habits.

AN OLD MAID has two offers—one from a widower of sixty, the other from a stripling of twenty-three. The widower has little property, but she admires him for his beauty and his agreeable manners. The youth has a large fortune; and the "Old Maid" herself has a moderate income. She is rather in a dilemma; for she would like the large fortune, "as she *must* confess she is rather high in her ideas." We shall not give her any advice. If she wants the use of money, however, she will probably find that the old gentleman has the most—that is, at her disposal. She will be more at home with him—more mistress of her own house. But this is nothing to an ambitious woman, who will sacrifice domestic happiness to external show. Like Satan, she loves even to be "supreme in misery."—"Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven," says he, in *Paradise Lost*. But the youth may turn out a very comfortable husband, plain though he be—the plainer the better. We have known several instances of such marriages that have turned out tolerably well; only people will talk and have their fun out of them. And yet what is there to laugh at?

JOSHUA writes us in great astonishment that he recently heard a lady praised for the beauty of her handsome *green* eyes! He has always regarded green eyes as a deformity, and quotes Shakspeare's green-eyed monster in evidence. But the same Shakspeare gives evidence to the contrary. When Nurse describes Paris to Juliet she says—

"Oh! he's a lovely gentleman;
Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath."

The green eye is the light hazel, and is particularly beautiful in a plump and healthy countenance. There are varieties of the hazel, which the painters would call a "warm green" on their pallettes; but, in America, the habit of using the vague word hazel for a great many various shades of eyes which are not hazel at all, has destroyed in us the power of discrimination. Some of the finest eyes that Nature makes are those which have a very perceptible tinge of green in them.

A PERSECUTED DEBTOR.—According to your own story, your creditor is the wronged party. You have not kept your agreement with him; you have occasioned him loss and damage; and now, when he seeks to recover what is rightfully his, you assume the tone of injured innocence and accuse him of persecuting you! It is doubtless true that many creditors are harsh and tyrannical, but it is equally true that myriads of debtors are sneaking, faithless and dishonest. We have known rich men who have reputations for great harshness and severity, act with great indulgence towards debtors who *frankly told them the truth*. It is the abominable habit of making false promises, which the maker knows he cannot keep, or, at least, which he does not know that he *can* keep, that exasperates and hardens the hearts of creditors. In your case, we think the creditor of whom you complain has acted with more leniency than your conduct entitled you to, and if you are severely dealt with in the future, you will have only yourself to blame for such a result.

LANCEY requests a cure for the headache; but he should know that the headache is merely the effect of a cause, and that according to what originates it will be the remedy to remove it. If the stomach be the seat of disease, a purgative will be necessary, together with abstaining from solid food, beer, wine, etc. If the nerves be affected, the use of stimulants may be judicious; if bile be the cause, anti-bilious medicines will be found the only effectual remedy. Thus it is folly to expect a specific to cure the headache. If the patient is unable to discover what causes the pain, application should be made to a medical man, as headache, violent and continued, is symptomatic of many serious disorders.

MERCHANT'S CLERK.—There are some similarities between the present panic and that of 1837, and there are also many dissimilarities. In '37 the crops partially failed, and we had to import breadstuffs from Europe; in '57 the harvests are bounteous, and we have plenty of wheat, corn, &c., to sell. In '37 the effects of the great fire of 1835, of the "specie circular," and of the utter derangement of the currency, added to the general bankruptcy and the rebound of the maddest speculations, occasioned such a prostration of business as would now be impossible.

AMELIA and her friend must settle the matter between them. We cannot account for the whims of men any more than for the caprices of women. Both sexes will, at times, say and do sulky things, that themselves alone can give a reason for; and, in general, sulky reasons are so trifling that people are ashamed to give them; and generally invent a wrong to conceal the right one. Amelia may understand another's temper by studying her own. No doubt, she can be very aggravating at times, and say and do very killing things.

ST. LOUIS.—Alcohol is Arabic; it is *al cohol*—the spirit or essence—a vigorous and essential element of nature—a principle of life which exists in every species of nourishment, and communicates heat and animal life to the body. But it may be abused, especially if taken in its non-natural or chemical state. The warmth of the stomach experienced after taking nourishing food is the result of the action of *al cohol*. What we call spirits are the *al cohol* mixed with water.

P. B. R.—Call at the office of the surrogate of your county, state the case to him and say that you want to know if your father's will has been admitted to probate, and what his executors have done. You are entitled to know all about it, and whatever has been legally done will appear on record in the surrogate's office. Should you be dissatisfied with the appearance of things, you can cite the administrator to file his account, and so get at the bottom of the whole affair. Ask the surrogate's advice.

FLORENCE.—If the heat arising from the oven be not too great, there is nothing particularly injurious to health in sleeping over or adjoining to one. Bakers live and thrive in its neighborhood. But dry heated air is generally injurious to the lungs, and produces a huskiness in the throat, which often terminates in cough. The influence of the heat is best determined by the difference of the feelings in and out of the apartment.

J. K. C.—We would say to you what Wolsey said to his secretary—

"Cromwell, beware ambition!
By that sin fell the angels."

Better stay where you are. In the circle to which you aspire you would feel quite out of place and miserable.

BOOKKEEPER.—The best way to improve your handwriting is to write a great deal and with much pains, accuracy, and neatness. You cannot "acquire a good hand in ten lessons," and any man who tells you that you can is a fool or a designing knave.

MERCUTIO.—You are responsible for all your wife's debts, and the best thing you can do is to pay them without any wrangling. If a man will marry a roving actress, he must be prepared for the turning up of many little responsibilities.

OPHELIA.—It will not hurt your hair to wash your head with soap and water, but the white of an egg is much better than soap for the hair, and it is equally cleansing for the scalp.

LOTHARIO.—We don't know what will make whiskers grow on a face which nature has left sterile. We have no faith in the nostrums you mention.

GRANDMAMMA.—A child born of American parents in Spain, or anywhere else, is an American child so far as its citizenship of, and legal rights in, this country are concerned.

ONE OF THE HEIRS.—An illegitimate child inherits none of his father's property. If not provided for in the will, he must go without any of the estate.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*